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JOHN BULL

Vol. XXXI. No. 819. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1922. TWOPENCE.

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Dr. Cassell's Tablets

The Universal Home Remedy for

Nervous Breakdown — Anæmia
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JOHN BULL

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"The hope of all who suffer,
The dread of all who wrong."
Whittier.

Vol. XXXI. No. 819. Week ending Saturday, February 11th, 1922. Twopence.

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

[*The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.*]

Ireland.

There she is, still "at it." Who shall deny the possibility in the by no means distant future of another war between North and South? But that will be entirely her own affair—which is the one merit of the recent settlement.

France and Britain—

To say nothing of America! It does not look as though the great Genoa Conference is likely to be much of a success after all. Both France and America will come only on certain specified conditions, which, if agreed to, will tie our hands from the start. Better drop it.

The Washington Wash-out.

Except that it acted as arbitrator between Japan and China over the question of Shantung, the Conference has produced nothing more than a series of pious resolutions. One of them forbids the use of poison gas in future wars. How the Hun chemists must be grinning!

At It Again!

Despite the Prime Minister's plea for political peace and concord, the Party wolves are once more in full cry. To vary an old phrase of Dizzy's, the Coalition, whatever its merits, is not only dead but damned!

The Great Quest.

When poor Ernest Shackleton set out for the South Pole in the good ship *Quest*, we little thought that ere his voyage had scarcely begun he would have been on another quest—exploring realms which no human being to-day knows of. It is the case of another great man gone.

For Our Hea'th's Sake.

Isn't it time that the so-called Ministry of Health dropped its flamboyant title and took on its old name—the Local Government Board? Except that the Minister in charge, Sir A. Moritz Mond, first sanctions and then disallows milk for children, it has no more to do with "health" than the Wild Man of Borneo. It is time we got back to realities and to calling things by their proper names.

Official Innocence.

That is a splendid illustration of the innocence of the official mind which prompted the Customs and Excise authorities to send back a recent club Return, relating to the purchase of intoxicating drinks, with a request that the Secretary would explain the meaning of "Marsala and Madeira"—just as in a previous case they had asked for a definition of "Bass." Justice Hawkins's old query about the identity of Connie Gilchrist must take a back seat!

Beating a Bigot.

Three cheers for the Oxford undergraduates, who have circumvented the Vice-Chancellor's ban upon Grand Guignol plays by fixing the date of their presentation a few days before term—when his veto is inoperative. The Oxford lads are hard to beat.

A Timely Protest.

We hope that Dr. Waldo, the City Coroner, will take to heart the protest of the foreman of a recent jury, reminding him that his sole duty at such inquiries is to ascertain the cause of death, and that only. The whole law of "Crowner's Quest" requires radical revision.

CUP-TIE

£2,000

ONE-WEEK PRIZE

Fill up the Free Football Coupon on page iii of cover.

Economy and the Axe.

Look out for a fight for economy when Parliament meets. The "Wee Frees" are likely to move drastic amendments to the Address—the Axe notwithstanding.

The Liberal Lead.

"Inspired" statements to the contrary notwithstanding, Lord Grey will not lead the Liberals. In the coming contest, the "Wee Frees" will insist on the supremacy of the Commons. Lord Grey is a peer. That's enough!

Another Starter.

It by no means follows, however, that Mr. Asquith will be chosen. At the present moment a struggle is proceeding between Liberal headquarters and the City Free Trade bankers. All we say is: "Watch McKenna."

"Wee Frees" and "Wee Gs."

At Abingdon Street they say there will be no "Wee Frees" after the Election. Only "Wee Gs"—that is "Wee Georgeites!" We shall see.

Wanted, an Anti-Dora League!

The Brighter London Society is all right—so far as it goes. But what about a league to bury "Dora"—in London *and* the Provinces? The working men's clubs, we hear, are in revolt against the insane Pussyfoot restrictions, and here is a Magistrate, Mr. Ratcliffe Cousins, calling on the people to rise against the senseless restrictions he has to enforce. The time is ripe for a fighting organisation.

A Welcome Convert.

Congratulations to the *Daily News* on the publication of that stern warning from its Calcutta correspondent as to the real condition of things out in India, a question with which we shall shortly deal fully. Again we say that the Prince should be brought home.

"Only a Pauper."

We heartily support the suggestion of the Bristol Guardians that the word "pauper" should be eliminated from all official documents issued by the Minister of Health. We do not speak of "Old Age Pension paupers," do we?

American Immigrants.

According to Miss Lillian Russell, a once famous theatrical beauty, who has just returned to this country from the States, English emigrants to America are "very well treated." We wonder whether she made a few inquiries at Ellis Island.

A Word with "J. L. G."

That revolting incident—when a poor hunted stag was driven into the private garden of our distinguished *confrère* Mr. J. L. Garvin—may prove a blessing in disguise. We expect to have a stinging paragraph in the *Observer* relating to the matter.

Shortt Going.

Rumour has frequently anticipated Mr. Shortt's retirement from the Home Office, and this time it may be taken as certain that he is really going. The sooner the better. The next Home Secretary will be Sir Hamar Greenwood, whose sound human qualities mark him out as the right man for the job.

Hun Pigeons.

We quite agree with the National Homing Union that some restraint should be put on the freedom of owning homing pigeons, especially in the case of aliens. As things stand at present, there is nothing to prevent a Hun spy over here keeping the All-Highest *au courant* with current events.

Next Week's Attraction.

Next week a highly important pronouncement in regard to the future of the Labour Party, from the pen of its leader, the Rt. Hon. J. R. Clynes, M.P., will appear exclusively in this journal. It is unlikely that we shall agree with all Mr. Clynes has to say, but it is our aim to make JOHN BULL the recognised platform for the discussion of national questions, and we shall from time to time invite expressions of opinion from leading representatives of the various schools of political thought.

"Stinking Fish."

It may have been "fresh" enough in the literal sense, but nevertheless the tons of fish landed and sold at Aberdeen last week by two German trawlers stink in the nostrils of all decent Britons, who know that thousands of our splendid fishermen are unemployed and starving. The Germans cleared nearly £1,000 by their two catches. Can't the Board of Trade and the Fisheries Board between them do something to end or mend this scandal?

A Real Reform!

Not a bad scheme that of Norway to finance her housing funds. Wherever there is a shortage of dwellings a rate is to be levied on houses whose rooms exceed the number of inmates. We might do worse than try the plan in London, with its millions of acres of empty floor space on the one hand, and its shameful overcrowding on the other. And what about Bradlaugh's pet Land Reform Bill, which made it a misdemeanour to keep land idle?

Write to JOHN BULL about it!

Wealdstone's Memorial.

The Wealdstone Memorial scheme seems rather like a financial version of "Ten Little Nigger Boys." Starting with a £25,000 splash on public offices, it became £2,500 for a swimming bath, and finished—up-to-date—at £500 for a clock or shelter. Still, whether public or private money is spent, we think most people will agree that a simple and economical symbol will honour the dead quite as sincerely as one far more ornate and costly.

The New Ireland.

It is strange to read to-day of Ireland's New Army, which paraded through the streets of Dublin to take over the Beggars Bush Barracks, "lately the headquarters of the Auxiliary Police." Stranger still that everyone takes the development with complete indifference. Yet, not so long ago, when Gladstone proposed to give the Irish Parliament control over their own police, you would have thought that the end of the world had come. By the way, who was it said that "Ulster will fight"?

Hands Off Industry!

When Mr. Albert Hillary, the "Independent" Liberal *and* Labour Candidate for Harwich, tells a contemporary that "the return on capital should be limited by Act of Parliament," he is talking through his hat, or rather through other people's hats, since the fallacy he voices is too common to be original. Many businesses yielding a splendid return on capital pay good wages and sell a sound article at a cheap price. Why? Because they are well managed! Are you going to penalise them for that, Mr. Hillary?

The Crime of Parenthood.

There is a fine flavour of Prussian insolence about the notice "No Parents Admitted," which a North London school impudently displays. During the recent 'flu epidemic some mothers brought their children hot milk and cocoa at the morning break, while, owing to careless arrangements, somebody else stole the little ones' overcoats. So now the doors are banged in the face of the mothers, who are "warned off" like common loafers. Small wonder that, with teachers like these, national "education" is found to be a failure!

Borstal to the Rescue!

The *Pall Mall Gazette* fears that convicts are in danger of being coddled. The criminal is sometimes allowed, it seems, to escape solitary confinement and semi-starvation by being sent to the "Second Division." Dreadful! But our contemporary need not mourn overmuch. After all, save for the hardened offender, there is always Borstal, with its punishments, mutinies and suicides. So long as these continue, plenty of men will have their hearts and spirits broken. The *P.M.G.* should keep its pecker up.

Pussyfoot and Crime.

It is stated that the police have found Nurse Shore's murderer in gaol, serving a sentence for another offence, but they can't convict him for lack of evidence! Later, perhaps, the Bournemouth murderer will be discovered in a home of rest for inebriates. You never can tell! Meanwhile, "murder most foul" will continue to go unpunished and our list of undetected crimes will be added to weekly. But then the number of shopkeepers and publicans convicted of trivial, childish breaches of the law will increase also. You can't have it both ways.

£100 FOR A BIT OF DETECTIVE WORK

Don't fail to read "The Girl Who Kept Her Word," EVERYWOMAN'S Grand New Serial. For the best theories concerning a MYSTERIOUS CHARACTER in the story, £100 in Prizes is being offered: First Prize £50; Second Prize £10; Third Prize £5; also 100 consolation Prizes. Full particulars in this week's EVERYWOMAN'S. On Sale Everywhere. Price 2d.

Exit Labour Exchanges.

Now that the Geddes Report has condemned the Ministry of Labour, there ought to be some hope of abolishing those costly anachronisms, the Labour Exchanges. Nobody wants them. Employers long ago condemned them, and now the General Federation of Trade Unions recommends their abolition. Let them go!

Kellaway's Geography.

Addressed to Methwold Road, Northwold, Norfolk, a letter was apparently thought by some of the P.M.G.'s myrmidons to have a better chance of delivery at Southwold, Suffolk. As they failed to find the addressee there, they tried Methwold, Norfolk. Failing again, they returned the missive to the sender, and, after complaints, said it should have been addressed to Northwold, Brandon. As Northwold is in Norfolk and Brandon in Suffolk, we take it that the P.M.G. has found time to make a new map of England.

Discord and Harmony.

The cool impertinence of the Mormons is as great as their doctrine is pernicious. The authorities in Utah are actually proposing to send over their famous—or infamous—Tabernacle choir to compete in the Welsh National Eisteddfod. What say the promoters of the Festival? We venture to predict that if the "Saints" are so ill-advised as to carry out their threat, they will be made to sing to a tune not at all to their liking. Britain has no use for these pests, musical or otherwise; and the sooner the Home Secretary realises the fact, and gets a move on, the better.

Room for Improvement.

The new Vicar of St. Luke's, Bath, possibly because he hails from Australia—where Christmas comes in Midsummer—is introducing the Evening Psalms into the Morning Service. Without criticising the merits of this novelty, we suggest that he go a little farther, and risk putting a trifle of week-day brightness and good-fellowship into the present Sunday gloom and intolerance. A little liberty leavens the lump.

Delays for Divorces.

That the Judges have been in no great hurry to carry out the Act of Parliament authorising divorce cases to be tried at Assizes is evident from the fact that the judicial rules are not yet framed for the purpose. No doubt Lord Birkenhead has been rather busy; and if he will now get busier in enabling the Act to be applied, his efforts will be appreciated by a large number of people who have failed to be happy though married.

The Dream and The Business.

According to an evening paper, the "allotment habit" acquired during the period of the war is proving a godsend to thousands of out-of-work men. It may be so, but according to the men, who have not only the habit but the allotment, high rates are ruining their chances. As we all know, the parsons—rich and poor—were exempted from this burden. What about the man with the cabbage-patch who is trying desperately to carry on?

Those Wine Parties.

Pussyfoot is surprised and pained to find that secret wine parties are becoming a regular feature with Midland factory girls, though they take place no one knows where. But the remedy is very simple. Sly and intensive drinking is a direct result of Pussyfoot's own policy of repressing the "pub." Let the girls drink openly and in moderation, as their mothers did, and they won't want to trouble to organise "secret parties."

Write to JOHN BULL about it!

Police on the Prowl.

Fined 10s. 6d. at Douglas, Isle of Man, for selling threepen'orth of sweets to a little boy after hours, a Mrs. Cowan told the Court that the policeman stood outside her shop from 7 p.m. to 9 p.m. "and made all her customers (she was entitled to keep open for the sale of milk) turn out their pockets as they were leaving." We agree with her that "this is going a bit too far." The episode affords further proof of the oppressive working of the Shops Act.

Another "Red Flag."

According to Miss Susan Lawrence, "the oldest Labour member" on the L.C.C., "if we win the election we shall be known as the Housing Council; Houses, Houses, Houses." Thus we find her chortling to a Press interviewer, and with a little trouble we can hear the echo "Prices, Prices, Prices." The moment it is known that the Council or any other public body are in the market, the price of materials and of construction will start soaring merrily skywards. Surely poor Dr. Addison taught us that. But some people, we suppose, are unteachable.

The Widower's Woe.

Mr. V. M. Bailie, a City Income Tax Collector, has good news of sorts for widowers. According to him, their position in regard to Income Tax is being considered by the authorities. At present the only way a widower without children can get Income Tax deduction on account of his housekeeper is to marry the lady. And that, in some cases, is beyond a joke.

Texts and Teutons.

An indignant Earl's Court reader sends us a medallion which he was beguiled into buying, as the profits were "for the wounded." The words of the text embossed thereon—"He gave His only begotten Son"—roused sorrowful memories of his own dear lad until he noticed beneath the inscription the words "Made in Germany." It only needs the profits to be allocated to Hun "wounded" to make the farce complete.

Write to JOHN BULL about it!

Rubbish at Radcliffe.

Because the Managers of the St. Andrew's Church Schools, Radcliffe, would not dismiss Miss Hanson, an uncertificated teacher, to compel her to accept re-engagement at a reduced salary under the Burnham scale, the Education Committee of the District Council arbitrarily did so. Happily, Mr. Justice Russell has not only a more legal but a more equitable idea; and if the Education Committee wish to get rid of Miss Hanson, they will have to try another method on other grounds.

The Wrong Coffin.

Albert Garrett, an ex-soldier, died in Hatton Asylum, and the relatives brought home the body given them. Two hours before the funeral, however, a second coffin arrived, when it was explained that the wrong body had been sent in error. Of course, the authorities had a ready explanation—in spite of which we have no hesitation in stating that such a cruel blunder should not have been possible. One can imagine what the feelings of the relatives would have been had the bungle come to light too late.

A Party Squabble

A funny situation has arisen in St. George's, Westminster, where Mr. J. M. M. Erskine, the sitting Anti-waste Member, is to be opposed at the next election by Lt.-Col. Leslie Wilson, the Chief Government Whip. The joke is that Mr. Erskine, who, at the by-election last June threw his Party overboard and nailed the Independent colours to his mast, now bitterly complains of being attacked by a "brother Conservative." Once the Party virus really gets into a man's blood, he is generally a hopeless case.

Girls for Sale.

General Booth told a meeting, in the Central Hall, Westminster, that, acting on his instructions, the Salvation Army in China had purchased a hundred girls from parents at 30s. each in order to save them from a life of shame. We have repeatedly drawn attention to this slavery and degradation, much of which goes on under the British flag, and urged the authorities to put an immediate stop to it. The last official pronouncement was that the matter was being investigated. Why investigate when the truth is hideously apparent?

The Hospitals and Lotteries.

Now that the Courts have found that the Golden Ballot is *not* a lottery, isn't it time that the authorities ceased to persecute charities which raise money by such means? After all, they have been common on the Continent for generations, and they will have to be adopted here—or hospitals and kindred institutions will suffer more than ever in the lean years before us.

A Snub to Slovenly Solicitors.

It is sometimes hard to see either sense or reason in judicial comment. But there is enough of both in Judge Cluer's remark in the Shoreditch County Court, that "the solicitors had framed a claim sloppily, hoping he would not notice it—but he was still awake"! As solicitors are amongst the dearest for professional services—and bad debts scarcest—they might at least do their work properly.

Margot Junior.

Poor Mr. Asquith! He has only just succeeded in getting "Margot" off to America before his daughter, Princess Bibesco, publishes her lurid book about youths, "wicked and cruel," and wives who want "to be loved passionately with an animal passion" and who are "very patient with their husbands." No doubt it will soon be forgotten. But will the remembrance last till the General Election?

£100

for speaking your mind.

Here is a splendid chance to win a prize for stating a fearless opinion. See the competition now running in "PAN," The Fiction Magazine. Full particulars in the February number. On sale everywhere. One shilling.

A Dirty Dodge.

According to Lord Decies, of the Income Taxpayers' Society, "the Board of Inland Revenue's attitude towards the children of fallen officers is astonishing. Before April, 1921, allowances to these children were paid direct and were exempt. By a turn of a legal phrase these grants are now paid otherwise, and are taxed at 6s." It is a dirty dodge. Not even Shylock would have lent his name to it. But then officials haven't names or identities of their own. They are parts of a great machine designed to grind the public. What a pity our Socialist friends cannot see this!

A Moral Pervert.

Some weeks ago, Frank Cooper, 39, a carpenter, of Church Road, Islington, was charged with improper conduct, but after several remands he was discharged. We would have thought this warning would have sufficed for a life-time; but the other day he was again before the Court at North London, charged with improper behaviour in view of schoolgirls at Romilly Road, Finsbury Park, on three different occasions. It was stated that he was quite well off, and that his wife was at a loss to account for his conduct. The usual plea of delicate health was urged and that at times he was not responsible for his actions. Mr. Pope rightly sent this pest to gaol for two months, remarking that he would receive medical attention in prison. Children must be guarded from this odious contamination.

Done "Brown."

An Ayr reader found himself entitled to £12 as the result of filling up an "All In" Credit football coupon issued by one Leslie Brown, 150, Fleet Street, E.C., and, receiving nothing, wrote to us. We got in touch with Brown, who admitted the debt, made excuses and a promise to pay, but so far has failed to keep his word. Readers will therefore be well advised to give this gentleman a wide berth.

Follow On!

The New Zealand Government have set a splendid example to other countries owing allegiance to the British Flag. Rather than purchase American-made hydro-electrical supplies, they have accepted the contract of a British firm, although at an increased cost of £7,000, preferring—in the words of Mr. Massey, the Premier—British machinery, manufactured by British workmen. Disinterested actions like this cannot but weld firmer the Imperial bonds.

Temporary Marriage.

An English girl married a native of Ecuador, South America, studying here for an official appointment. To preserve his small allowance for tuition expenses, she remained at work and supported the home till a child was born. She now learns that this heartless rascal has secretly taken passage for his far-away home, intending, as probably from the first, to leave her behind. When will English women realise that such foreigners never intend their "marriage" to be permanent?

(H)undercutting.

Some people want German aluminium goods placed on the Key Industries list, and some people don't. The Germans are making these goods cheaper, lighter, and suitable to the British market, and our native importer in many cases doesn't care a bawbee who makes what he has to sell as long as he can sell it at a higher profit than a British article. Whether against the grain or not, thousands of British tradesmen now get their livelihood mainly by the sale of German goods.

Write to JOHN BULL about it!

The Morning Milk.

We never did like the custom of leaving the morning's milk unprotected on the door-step, though it is difficult to see how it can be avoided whilst the vendor remains such an early bird. To the poor and needy it is a great temptation. Annie Chapman, 39, a widow, of Sidmouth Road, Leyton, was charged with stealing three bottles of milk in these circumstances. Detective-Sergeant Whyte testified that the accused was in need, and that one of her children was very ill. The Stratford Bench bound her over under the Probation Act, and remitted the costs. A wise and humane decision.

Easy Money.

If a return of £1,000—the sum offered as first prize in our "Bullets" competition this week—for a little concentration of thought and a few written words does not constitute easy money, we should like to know what does. By abolishing all letter restrictions, we have rendered this competition one of the easiest extant, offering a wider scope for skilful replies whilst retaining all its old fascination.

FIENDISH WOMAN GOES SCOT FREE.

BRUTAL STEPMOTHER ESCAPES PUNISHMENT FOR CRUEL TORTURE OF A BABY GIRL.

WE desire to direct attention not to a miscarriage but to a shameful betrayal of justice which ought, and we hope will, rouse the resentment of every decent man and woman in the land who is made acquainted with the facts. These are simple—as simple as they are heartrending. They concern a child, little more than an infant—a wee, defenceless mite of six years, whom none but a brute would dare to punish with severity. But the female brute concerned in this case (whom it is charitable to regard as either abnormal or insane) chastised the child repeatedly; in fact, in the absence of a more adequate expression, tortured it over a period of weeks and months. This is revolting enough in all conscience; worse still, to our mind, is the fact that a Bench of Magistrates were so negligent of their duty as to condone in effect the woman's wickedness by failing to punish her! The woman in question, Ettie Wright, of 6, Shaftesbury Avenue, Southend-on-Sea, was summoned on 24th January at Southend, after long delay, for assaulting and ill-treating Marjorie Wright, her stepdaughter, and it should be noted that the proceedings against her had been delayed owing to the fact that she was, at the time, in a certain condition. The evidence of cruelty had been so overwhelmingly against her, however, that, in the meantime, the child was removed from her care to a home at Rochford, where her welfare could be more zealously guarded. The neighbours who brought about the child's removal are, we are satisfied, reliable witnesses, and the evidence they had to give to the Court was dreadful in the extreme. It was a story of savage ferocity on the part of the stepmother and of abject terror on the part of the poor little child.

A Savage Stepmother.

The father, it should be said, had been a widower only five months before his marriage, in May last, to the woman in question—his first wife, Marjorie's mother, having died in Rochford Infirmary the previous December from the ravages of consumption. A few weeks after the stepmother came upon the scene rumours as to her treatment of the child were rife in the district, and at last, when some of the neighbours could stand it no longer, written complaints were made to Inspector Clare, of the local N.S.P.C.C. The first letter to him seems to have had no definite result—all the neighbours knew was that the inhuman cruelty to the poor girl continued with an almost increasing ferocity. Then, on 10th September, 1921, Mrs. James—who lived next door to the woman who was the cause of the child's misery—heard so many screams that she burst into Mrs. Wright's house while she was thrashing Marjorie and, denouncing her as a "brute," took the terrified child in her arms and carried her away from her cruel stepmother. Even then, although she was inspected by many of the neighbours—whose testimony we have—and was examined by Inspector Clare and Doctor E. E. Lloyd, the youngster was allowed to return to the care of the callous woman who has so inhumanly ill-treated her! Enquiries by our Commissioner in the district satisfy us as to the truth of the story and the reliability of the many witnesses. Although we are aware that neighbours are sometimes likely to exaggerate in their gossip, we cannot under-estimate the testimony of Doctor E. E. Lloyd, who disclosed to the Court the full brutality and horror of the woman's shocking conduct. This is what he said:—

> When I examined the girl on the night of September 10th, I found numerous weals and bruises in all directions on the lower half of the back; there were also weals on the upper part of the back, and on both arms, bruises and contusions on both legs, contusions with swellings below both eyes, bruises on the left cheek, numerous contusions on the scalp, and bruises on both hips. Some of the bruises were quite recent, and some were a week or two old. Some of the marks on the child were consistent with the use of the cane, and others might have been caused by blows with the fist. I thought considerable force—excessive violence—must have been used. The weals were just like a network over the girl's back.

Think of it! The beatings, floggings, punishments which brought about all these frightful injuries were administered to a mere slip of a child of six—to a child who was so slight and diminutive that she could scarcely have stood two feet high! Moreover, Mrs. Wright must have inflicted them deliberately over a period of weeks and months—"*The weals were just like a network over the girl's back!*" How could the Magistrates have disregarded evidence such as that? The stepmother must have taken that poor, tortured, lacerated body and beaten it over and over again. Is it not a wonder, in face of all the astounding facts, that the poor little mite lived through the five months of savage torture, or, indeed, that she was not driven out of her mind with the terror of her awful nightmare? But there is a greater wonder still. Although to all intents there was no defence to the charge, the Magistrates allowed the woman to go scot free! It is true that she asserted that some of the bruises were contracted at school and the plea was put forward that the child had bitten the hands of her torturer. But while evidence of such a bite was asked for, no mark could be found on the woman's hand. The prisoner told the Inspector that the child was not truthful, and was very trying. But children of six years of age nearly always answer to that description, and occasionally a little correction may be needed; but in this case the child was not punished but tortured.

Justice Betrayed.

We use the word advisedly because perpetually to inflict severe pain upon a defenceless, helpless child merits that and no other term, and ought to be punished with the greatest severity. Mr. Brightwell, the Chairman of the Magistrates, observed, with a puerility beyond comment, that the prisoner did lose her temper and administer more punishment than was due; the law reserved to parents the right to properly chastise their children! So the Magistrates eventually agreed that the Probation Officer should keep an eye on the case for twelve weeks, and, if the child was well treated in the meantime, the woman would be allowed to go unpunished! There have, of course, been other cruel women who have tortured children—women even worse than Mrs. Wright; but we say deliberately and advisedly that not for many years has there been so scandalous a dereliction of duty on the part of Magistrates pledged to protect the weak and defenceless. Had Mrs. Wright been charged with theft, had she stolen food because she was hungry; or had she damaged property because she was desperate, we all know that she would have tasted the severity of the law and her pregnancy would not have saved her from prompt imprisonment. There were four Magistrates on the bench on this inauspicious occasion. We hope Southend will have something to say to them.

POST OFFICE ECONOMY STUNTS.

WHY NOT APPEAL TO THE RANK AND FILE?

Here is a typical example, furnished by a former temporary employee of the G.P.O., of how things are allowed to run to waste in the Department. The last delivery in London is from 8 to 10 p.m. A postman taking round letters during the day and having an undelivered registered letter, returns it to the Postal Receiving Office and obtains a receipt. It is then carried to the sorting office by the postman on his next collection. For this he is entitled to half an hour's overtime at an extra rate. It means that, for a letter for which an additional 2d. has been paid for registration, he receives 1s. to 1s. 6d. All this could be obviated by the simple process of waiting for a few minutes at a pillar-box he had to pass for a collecting postman and handing it to him. But such a sensible course would be opposed to regulations! Heaps of similar anomalies could be cited, and they are well known to P.O. employees, whose mouths are officially closed. It has never occurred to the Geddes Committee to invite confidential suggestions from the Government employees!

ONE-ARMED BARGAINS.

WAS THE MAGISTRATE CAUGHT NAPPING?

Gwenllian Davis must sleep in a room decorated with horse-shoes, or touch a whole timber-yard on the way to "business"—for evidently the little god of Luck is her constant companion. Walking into Messrs. Selfridge's, with an empty sleeve of her coat hanging loose, she probably obtained a certain amount of sympathy from kindly assistants and tender-hearted fellow-shoppers. But her right arm was by no means an invalid. Modestly sheltered from the vulgar gaze, it received and held various pieces of silk and dress goods, swiftly passed through an opening in the coat by the apparently solitary left hand. Stopped by an assistant who spotted the dodge, several "lifted." articles were discovered, and the whole trick subsequently explained to the Marlborough Street Magistrate. Sentence: *Bound over in* £5! Here is a clever practitioner of the light "touch"—employing a new and well-thought out device—caught in a flagrant theft, according to the evidence, and apparently without a single "megrim" for excuse—practically acquitted!

WHEN HUNGER DRIVES.

MERCIFUL MAGISTRATE'S HUMANE POINT OF VIEW.

Because Arthur Fearn, 25, a homeless seaman, happened to be "on the rocks" and starving, he gave himself up to the police at Fulham, stating as his reason that he had tried but without success to break into a shop. The policeman, however, could discover no confirmation of the fact, but nevertheless ran him in, charging him with being without visible means of subsistence. The poor fellow's motive for surrendering came out afterwards—for on food being set before him he ate it ravenously. Curious to relate, Fearn had given himself up on two occasions previously, no doubt finding it the easiest way to fill an empty stomach. Some such idea must have been running in the magisterial mind, for instead of sending the man to prison, Mr. Forbes Lankester, the West London Stipendiary, remanded him for the Missionary to see what could be done. The humane point of view is all too rare in these cases, and we congratulate the Magistrate on his merciful interpretation of a not unnatural impulse. The call of an empty stomach does not imply a criminal bent.

Has your landlord raised your rent? "Write to JOHN BULL about it!"

COASTGUARDSMEN'S COSTLY CHEERS.

DISMISSAL FOR ATTENDING A FOOTBALL MATCH.

What appears on the face of it to be a disgraceful miscarriage of justice which should not be allowed to go unrectified has recently occurred in the Coastguard service. William Frederick Butts and Robert George Hale took up duty two and a half years ago, both having previously served their time in the Royal Marines—Butts from 15th May, 1893, to 6th March, 1919, and Hale from 29th December, 1897, to 4th March, 1919. On arrival at Amlwch Coastguard Station, North Wales, to enter upon their duties, they quickly discovered that they were "up against" their Chief Officer, one William Minifie, and were soon forced to realise that they might expect Minifie to get rid of them if ever an opportunity presented itself. He eventually seems to have found the most extraordinary occasion for getting these men dismissed the Service.

A Costly Cheer.

On Saturday, 1st October last, they attended a football match at Amlwch between two teams from Beaumaris and Amlwch. During the course of the game, noticing that the crowd was showing marked partisanship against the visiting team, the two coastguardsmen jocularly bawled out: "Play up, Beaumaris!" Beaumaris shortly after scored their first goal, and Butts moved over to the other side of the field. Hale, however, was approached by an Amlwch enthusiast who had been drinking somewhat heavily, who asked why he dared to give his support to the opposing team. Words passed, and some sort of scuffle ensued for a moment, but quickly fizzled out. On their return to the Coastguard Station the two men were amazed at being called before Minifie, who told them he was astounded by their abominable conduct on the football field. They had been guilty, he continued, of three shameful offences, (1) being drunk and disorderly, (2) using obscene language, and (3) creating a disturbance. For these they must be charged and punished. He added that he was reporting the matter to the District Officer at Holyhead.

Independent Witnesses Barred.

On October 7th this officer, Captain Crampton, arrived at Amlwch and sent for both men. He told them they were charged with creating a disturbance, etc. Butts at once protested his innocence and asked to be allowed to call independent witnesses, but was told he could not call anyone outside the Service. Hale declared that Butts had nothing whatever to do with the case, and that it was he himself who was threatened, adding he did not think it would have been in the interests of the Service to have allowed a civilian to offer him physical violence without making some remonstrance. Believing that the charges must have originated from a complaint made by the Amlwch Football Club, Butts got into communication with the Secretary, informed him that he and his comrade had been charged, and asked for an opportunity of appearing before the Committee with a view to having the matter ventilated. The Secretary replied that it was never the intention of the Club to take any part in the charges levelled against them, and that the matter had merely been reported in order to avoid any possible recurrence of similar trouble. Both men carried on their duties until December 24th last, when they were informed by Minifie that they would be immediately discharged the Service and taken off duty forthwith, the possession of their quarters being formally demanded by December 31st. It seems an abominable thing that these men should be dismissed for what was at the worst nothing more than a little ebullition of spirits during the excitement of a game, and the matter is one which calls for further inquiry.

A WICKED STAG HUNT.

SPURIOUS SPORT OF A CRUEL CROWD.

Whatever may be said for stag hunting in general, assuredly nothing whatever can be said for such abominably callous exhibitions as that to which the men and women and hounds of the Berks and Bucks Hunt, aided by a brutal crowd, have recently treated a sport-loving but humane British public. The Hunt started a carted stag, already hunted three or four times. The poor beast, frantic with terror, jumped the fence of a house in Beaconsfield, and then made back for the road. It then broke into an orchard, and jumped into a hen run. The consternation of the birds only increased the terror of the stag, which doubled back into the grounds of the house it had left, and sought to save itself by leaping into a pond. By this time a crowd had collected—the sort of crowd which shames the name of Briton. "They gleefully chased the terrified animal into an enclosure near a local cinema," says a newspaper report, "and here the huntsmen, joining in the fun, finally lassooed the stag and lodged it in a stable at the Railway Hotel." Now for people to call atrocious spectacles of this sort sport is to defame humanity; they are shameful and apparently shameless cruelties which should be suppressed by law. People like the Berks and Bucks Hunt ought to be taught the amenities of human compassion in a Police Court. We have small doubt that this stag has not yet given these people enough fun for their money. Sooner or later, with the terrors of its last experience vivid before its eyes, it will be carted out again, and again subjected to similar tortures in the name of British sport. And, powerless in the law, it is not improbable that the police will be among the spectators.

ALL FOR WAKEFORD!

OUR CAMPAIGN RECEIVING GENERAL SUPPORT.

It is not without interest that, by sure degrees, the Press of the country is becoming aroused to the importance of the issues involved in the Wakeford Case, and our action in organising a Petition to the King for a re-hearing has been generally approved. Forms can still be obtained on application to the Chief Commissioner at this office, and the Petition can be signed at the following addresses:—

Ashton-in-Makerfield: Rev. W. A. Gibson, 50, Osborne Road.
Birkenhead: Messrs. Scadding Brothers.
Bolton: Mr. J. Brooks, 17, Halliwell Road.
Bournemouth: Mr. E. Malcolm Scott, 49, Talbot Road.
Bristol: Bristol Advertising Co., 1, Broad Quay.
Cardiff: Mr. J. A. Brown, 207, Bute Street.
Chester: Rev. W. F. John Timbrell, Coddington Rectory.
Cologne: Messrs. W. J. Cooper & Co., Hotel du Nord.
Dublin: Messrs. MacArthur & Co., 79, Talbot Street.
King's Lynn: Mr. C. H. Plowright, Tower Street.
Liverpool: Mr. John R. Lewis, 13, Grecian Chambers, 57A, Dale Street; Mr. J. Perkins, 48, Belmont Road.
London: The John Bull Pen Depots at 19, Ludgate Hill, E.C.4; 265, Strand, W.C.2; 323, High Holborn, W.C.1; 72, New Oxford Street, W.C.1; 1, Cannon Street Station Approach, E.C.; 87, Long Acre, W.C.2; John Bull Editorial Offices (first floor), 93, Long Acre, W.C.2; Rev. Ernest Street, M.A., 33, Eardley Crescent, Earl's Court, S.W.5.
Newcastle: Mr. G. J. Jones, 15, Church View, Cross Heath.
Portsmouth: John Bull Pen Depot, 214, Commercial Road.

"The Mystery of the Wakeford Case," by the Editor of John Bull, is selling rapidly, and can be obtained at shops and railway bookstalls in every important town, at the price of one shilling net.

"ROY WENTWORTH'S" DUM-DUMS.

SCANDALOUS SUGGESTIONS OF A "SOLUTIONIST."

It is only natural that a competition which has achieved such fame as John Bull's "Bullets" should have attracted the attention of a number of scoundrelly flat-catchers who, not possessing the wits to win a prize for themselves, prey on the credulity of ignorant people. The king of this kidney is surely the person styling himself "Roy Wentworth," who, writing "confidentially" from 44, Hatton Garden, says:—

> I am in touch with a Judge who is at this moment at my side, and he tells me that if I will comply with his suggestion and can vouch for secrecy HE WILL SEE ME ALL RIGHT.
>
> I have told him I can trust YOU, so now you have the matter in your hands and if you will forward *by return of post* 5s. for the two special lines HE HAS WRITTEN ME—you can count upon the scheme being carried out—I rely on him—*you rely on me.*
>
> My commission must be 25 per cent. of the £1,000, so that I am able in return to make my friend a present.

If the individual styling himself "Roy Wentworth" knew as much of us as we know of him, he would realise that in issuing this mendacious circular he has reached the end of his tether. Our regular readers will scarcely need our assurance that he is entirely unacquainted with any of the adjudicators of the competition, and anyone who is foolish enough to imagine that he is able in any way to influence their decision deserves to—and will—lose any money he may send. "Bullets" remains, and will remain, what it always has been—the best of all competitions with the biggest of prizes and the fairest opportunity for all, being decided on merit, and merit only.

"KILL, BUT DON'T CURE!"

BOARD OF AGRICULTURE'S REMARKABLE DICTUM.

At the present moment the country is in the throes of an outbreak of Foot-and-Mouth Disease among cattle, and beasts are being slaughtered by the thousand. Some few years ago an Italian scientist discovered a new and powerful disinfectant. It was introduced in this country in 1915, being then confined to the medical profession; later, however, its curative and prophylatic effects on animals were considered, and experiments were made proving beyond doubt that in cases of Foot-and-Mouth Disease it *cured*. In Italy that disease has become practically extinct owing to its use. In these circumstances, the proprietors thought they would be doing no more than their duty in bringing its claims before the Ministry of Agriculture, which they did in August, 1919. It was not until September 31st that a reply was received stating that the present policy of the Board in respect of that disease did not admit of infected animals being medically treated. On December 22nd, in answer to a question put by Mr. Percy Hurd, M.P., in the House of Commons, Sir Arthur Boscawen said: "The Foot-and-Mouth Diseases Committee is carefully watching the efforts being made on the Continent to cure and control Foot-and-Mouth Disease by serum treatment and vaccination"—ignoring altogether the question of cures, Continental or otherwise, by any other method. It therefore seems that the Ministry are determined not to investigate any remedy which does not proceed on vaccination lines—obviously with the intention, should they be even partially successful, of bringing into existence an army of officials to inoculate beasts throughout the country. The Ministry's final word is given in a statement contained in a letter from Sir Arthur Boscawen to Mr. Hurd, M.P., in which he states: "The policy of this Department is *not to attempt to cure diseased animals* but to slaughter them"!

SAVING HEATHENS AND STARVING HEROES.

MILLIONS SQUANDERED ON FOREIGN MISSIONS WHILE BRITONS BEG THEIR BREAD.

HEART-ACHE, sickness, and penury menace hundreds of thousands of decent homes. Our ex-soldiers — the heroes of yesterday, fussed over then but now forgotten—grind barrel-organs in the gutter, or pipe forlorn songs to a cheap gramophone mounted on the wheels of their baby's pram. Or, again, a brass band of them drone out popular airs whilst a lad with medals rattles a charity box before the heedless passers-by.

Curing Cancer or Converting Chinese?

Yet there are millions—yes, *millions*—of money collected here at home for pagans and heathens of every tint, literally from China to Peru: black men and yellow, brown and red, and every shade between. Is it not staggering? Can you beat this, as you con the stark crazy governance of a world that poured out its all when it came to slaughtering men—and shut up its purse when it came to cancer research or the improvement of crops for the nation's food? Go down Fleet Street and turn into Salisbury Square. On the west side of that backwater you will see the headquarters of the Church Missionary Society, which in this last year of cruel distress at home actually has a budget of £540,000 for the spiritual and material betterment of savages in Nigeria and East Africa, in Uganda and the Sudan, in Turkish Arabia and Persia, in India, China and among the Eskimos and redskins of Arctic Canada. The Society for the Propagation of the Gospel spends £241,017 in the dark Africas and Korea, as well as in Central and South America. The Wesleyans dispose of £265,000 in the same way, the Baptists £125,398, the United Free Church of Scotland £139,512, the China Inland Mission £184,116, the London Missionary Society £225,000—largely in the South Sea Islands. We cannot deal in detail with the lesser fry: there are dozens of them. Pious young men of Oxford University run a special Mission to Calcutta. Not to be outdone, Cambridge takes Moslem Delhi in hand. We know how grateful India is for all this spiritual ministration—in a land of 300,000,000 gods, including one to Mariyattal, the Goddess of Smallpox! There is also the Universities' Mission to Central Africa, with £33,676 to play with, whilst specialised missions to the Sudan and Korea, to Melanesia and Jerusalem, to Lebombo, the remoter Himalayas, and savage Borneo, do *not* appeal in vain for support. Among the pagan tribes of South America another concern spends £17,500 a year. Upon the harem women of India £34,365 is spent by one London society, and £40,947 by another. We could fill pages with this wicked folly. Tens of thousands of white men and women are specially trained and employed in this vain washing of the Ethiopian. They are paid good wages; they go out in fine ships; they come home on lengthy furloughs, and pile up in the wilds "Church property," which figures in balance sheets at fantastic valuations. In the mission field competing creeds overlap. Their sectarian zeal and casual methods have caused scandal or laughter—not to speak of serious political friction—for a hundred years or more. An historic difference with France, which in these days it is well to recall, was due to missionary intrigue in Tahiti. For "Gospel" literature most of these missionary societies depend on the British and Foreign Bible Society in Queen Victoria Street. Here the Scriptures are put into 500 tongues at an annual cost of about £450,000—yet another amazing sum which, for all practical purposes, is thrown away.

The Mote and the Beam.

And this, mind you, at a time when a Government Committee on Education finds the Bible here at home "probably less read, and with less influence in our life, than it has been at any time since the Reformation"! For all that, we put the New Testament into Afghani and Pushtu for the Indian frontier. We give the Alaskan Eskimo a Bible; and, as "the Lamb of God" would be as Greek to him, we translate the phrase as "the *Little Seal* of God," and pat our scholars on the back for a slim feat which deserves a special collection in Church on Sunday morning! What are we to say of such stupendous waste of money in this time of anguish and universal depression? Quite £4,000,000 a year drops into the ocean of paganism from Great Britain alone. The habit of giving is strong upon unthinking people. Mistaken enthusiasts—like the poor themselves—are always with us.

Our Own First!

Is it too much to ask the Christian Churches to leave savages alone for a season, and help with their funds the heroic lads who defended our hearths and homes in the terrible four years of war? What kink is it that makes even the Universities Mission spent far more money upon savages than they do upon the men of West Ham or Bethnal Green? Physical suffering is certainly relieved by the Mission doctor in savage lands. But has his science no scope here at home where the hospitals are closing wards through lack of funds? It is notorious, too, even in Missionary circles, that overlapping efforts and sectarian zeal nullify and hinder such good as is done, and raise the cost to a degree that would set on end the hair of a Business Board. So, on all grounds, it would be well for the clashing sects of religion here at home to declare that their "Brother" was more to them than the stark-naked savage of the New Hebrides or the Solomon Isles. We suggest this move, say, to the London Missionary Society, of Westminster. Yet we have no illusions in the matter. These people declare they have Scriptural warrant for passing the hat for the black and yellow hordes of heathendom, though their own people at home are often at their wits' end for a square meal. It is for British men and women to consider whether in all the circumstances they can conscientiously contribute to these swollen Mission funds. We have certainly given them food for thought. Let us do the duty that lies nearest.

A PAUPER'S GRAVE.

HOW A LOUGHBOROUGH LIEUTENANT WAS BURIED

"Rattle his bones over the stones, he's only a pauper whom nobody owns." This was the sight seen of the people of Loughborough recently, when Charles William Hayes, D.S.M., ex-Lieutenant of H.M.S. *Queen Elizabeth* in the battle of Jutland, was buried. He was not without stain, but surely the Accusing Spirit which flew up to Heaven's chancery with his sin blushed as he gave it in; and the Recording Angel, as he wrote it down, dropped a tear upon its story and blotted it out for ever. After Hayes left the Navy he entered as a Government trainee at Loughborough. When, however, his course was finished he could get no work, and with starvation facing him he stooped to a theft which the Judge of Assize forgave him on account of his record and the state of his health. Subsequently, Hayes found the world unable or unwilling to help him to make good again, and so he ended his life by gas-poisoning. Has he no relatives, or was he not worth their tears by a grave at which they could pay him in all love and honour their last sad duty? Is there no society which know of his plight and which could have lent a strong hand to help him to his feet when he needed a strong hand the most? It is a shame to England that men who offered their blood freely for us that we might be saved should themselves find paupers' graves when they die.

MYSTERY OF A GOLD WATCH.

UNLUCKY POSSESSOR'S STRANGE EXPERIENCES.

Mr. A. Webster, of Camberwell, was leaving Beggar's Bush Barracks, Dublin, last April, on his discharge from the R.I.C. Auxiliaries, when he was pulled up at the barrack-gate and put into the guard-room pending enquiries as to a gold watch which he had bought from another cadet for £10 and for which he held a receipt. He was released later. On reaching London he asked for the watch. He received a reply stating it was being retained until investigations had been completed. Ultimately, he received a visit at Camberwell from a cadet who declared he had despatched the watch and was in an awkward predicament if Webster had not received it, winding up by pointing a revolver at him through his overcoat pocket, and telling him there would be trouble if he opened his mouth. After much more correspondence he received from the Adjutant, a cheque for £5 as compensation, the watch being retained by the authorities pending further inquiries—for it was presented to the late Lord Mayor of Limerick, who was officially reported as killed by "armed men", in March, 1921. The final adventure occurred a week or so ago, when Webster found a motor-car standing at the corner of his street and received a warning from the occupants to "look after himself"! There seems to be mystery and tragedy enough here for a film drama.

A MAGISTERIAL LAPSE.

CALLOUS CASE OF A CRIPPLED CHILD.

Summoned for not sending to school his little daughter Doreen, a cripple aged 7, Thomas John Nottle, of St. Breward, was at Trigg Petty Sessions, held at Bodmin, fined 5s. According to an official described as the Education Clerk, the little mite had made only 58 out of 108 attendances during a quarter—which, considering she had to walk 1¼ miles to school, we hold to be greatly to her credit. This fact, coupled with that of the child's crippled condition, however, cut no ice with a Bench of four. A certificate from a medical man stating that the child was crippled was ignored—the Education Clerk's strange contention that it was a case of neglect notwithstanding the youngster was crippled being allowed to pass without demur. Rather should we have imagined the charge of neglect justified had the father compelled the child to attend school, for one can quite picture what it would mean to her if she were forced to make such a journey daily, in all sorts of weather. In our opinion the fine ought never to have been imposed—the Magistrates giving their support to an official whose zeal in carrying out his duties outran his common sense. Magistrates with a little more sympathetic understanding would surely have considered a caution sufficient to meet the case. But common sense and sympathy are alike uncommon.

Are you in trouble? "Write to JOHN BULL about it!"

SAINTS AND SINNERS:

By THE CANDID FRIEND.

PEN PORTRAITS OF PROMINENT PEOPLE.

LADY ASTOR.

LADY ASTOR will, of course, always be remembered as the first woman Member of Parliament.

As Miss Nancy Langhorne, she was one of a Virginia family of sisters noted for their wit and beauty. Twenty years before her election to Parliament in 1919, Nancy was a Virginia belle, dancing all night in Richmond, U.S.A., or riding to hounds, playing a great deal, always brilliant, alert and witty.

Her first marriage was not a happy one, and in 1903 she divorced her husband. When she married the Hon. W. Waldorf Astor, as he then was, there was a great to-do in the Astor family, for the father was ambitious for his son and wanted him to marry into the English peerage. But the son had met Nancy the vivacious and unconventional, and that settled it. And so it came about that this Richmond "gem" subsequently became a British Viscountess, wealthy beyond imagination, but full of unmistakable evidence of her American birth and upbringing.

When her husband succeeded to the peerage he had to relinquish his Parliamentary seat at Plymouth, and although he endeavoured to retain it by forgoing the title, the embarrassing heritage was forced upon him, and Viscountess Astor—the girl from Virginia—stepped into the breach.

A whirlwind campaign ensued. Lady Astor used her wealth of wit to such an extent that the electors of Plymouth—the port of embarkation of the Plymouth Brethren in the *Mayflower* were swept off their feet. She met every opponent with a flashing courage which she boasted was derived from the very Pilgrims who made Plymouth famous. She was an unconventional electioneer, and parried every political thrust with a *bon mot*, or a quip, or a witty story.

English peeress that she was, she carried on a very piquant campaign according to American traditions, and was not at all particular as to what she said. Here are a few samples:—"You villains, shut up," was her remark to some Socialists who were interrupting her meeting!

"Surely those who are trying to pull down Mr. Lloyd George could not manage a tripe shop if they tried," is another sample of Lady Astor's Virginian wit.

Sample No. 3: "I am not one of those asses who tell you you are going to have heaven on earth; but if you elect the Coalition, though you won't get heaven on earth, you will get a better earth that you will under the Labour Party."

You will notice that at this stage of her public career Lady Astor did not promise us a new heaven on earth. She has, however, made us a promise of these wonderful benefits since she entered the House of Commons—if we will only forgo the terrible sin of drinking a glass of beer.

But we must be quite fair to Lady Astor, and quote her impartially. Here are a few choice words which fell from her Ladyship's lips, that I for one rather like:

"Many who are yelling at Capitalists are longing to get what Capitalists have got. I am not an idiot. I know if you really had Socialism at heart it would be by far the best thing you could have; but as long as we are greedy and stingy, it is humbug to talk about Socialism."

Well, the result of Nancy's wonderful electioneering campaign at Plymouth was a great success. She was returned with a 5,000 majority, and the election smashed up all the old Parliamentary traditions. It is part of the work of this journal to cut red tape, and to break up out-of-date systems and traditions, which were no doubt very valuable in the past, but which are entirely absurd as applied to the people of the present generation.

I like Nancy for her unconventionality. I applaud her for exploding some of the old Party political shibboleths with her rough and ready tongue, in the way she did down at Plymouth. So I should like to leave her Ladyship with a handshake and unqualified goodwill. But this is impossible. I am very sorry, but Lady Astor's political record since she entered the House of Commons makes it necessary for JOHN BULL—the foremost defendant of the people's just liberties in the ranks of the Press—to add a note of criticism.

Lady Astor was elected as a Conservative member by the votes of Conservative electors, and it is only just to say in regard to the Conservative Party — no matter what its faults may have been in the past—that this political organisation has never threatened the personal liberties of the people. It has never, for instance, been the sponsor of Stiggins or the Reverend Mr. Humbug. On the contrary, the Conservative Party has been the principal opponent of these precious gentry.

Yet, what do we find Lady Astor doing immediately after her election to Parliament as a Conservative Member? We find her conducting a raging and tearing campaign of propaganda on behalf of Prohibition. This has been thinly disguised at times, but truth compels me to say that Lady Astor has never missed a public opportunity of ascribing all the evils of life to that humble friend of the workers, a glass of beer.

Remembering that she was an American woman, she should have known that this attack upon the national habits of the free peoples of Great Britain was offensive and impertinent. And at the very time that she was telling the electors of this country that they were being ruined by drink, she, herself, in my presence, was walking about the lobbies of the House of Commons distributing racing tips to her political friends. Surely if it is wicked to indulge in a glass of beer, it is equally wicked to have a shilling on a horse!

Come, Nancy, let's be fair and broad-minded in these matters! If you will be gracious enough to have a drink with me in good honest British beer, I promise you that I will have a "flutter" on the first horse that your husband runs in one of this year's big races.

SHORT STORY OF INDUSTRIAL INSURANCE.

The Safeguard of Competition.

In the attempt to be fair one must avoid all exaggeration; and it is unnecessary to claim for Industrial Insurance a faultlessness which cannot be claimed for any industry or any form of human activity.

It is fundamental of course that all the great offices compete with each other with undiminished vigour; not even the gigantic proportions to which they have attained, stay or relax their efforts, and the same spirit, of course, must penetrate their agents.

What does this mean? It means competition; competition is the life of trade; competition makes for the reduction of premiums; competition, above all, is the securest weapon against monopoly. And thus the number, the keenness of the industrial agent is one of the best safeguards of justice to the policy holder.

The Cost of Industrial Insurance.

One objection raised by the opponents of Industrial Insurance is the necessary cost of the agency system, and comparisons are constantly being made between the average cost of Ordinary Life Insurance and Industrial Life Insurance. Looked at superficially the comparison may appear unfavourable to Industrial Insurance, but let us subject the question to an analysis.

A Comparison.

It is the allegation of the excessive cost of the agency system which has brought down on the heads of Industrial Insurance Offices such wholesale and unjust attacks. It is, therefore, necessary to examine carefully the position and see what the difference is between the cost of Ordinary and Industrial Insurance.

Nobody can deny that the system of Industrial Insurance must be more expensive than Ordinary. It is in the very conditions of the industry; for Industrial Insurance involves weekly visits to nearly every English working-class home; it involves a vast army of agents; and the sums assured are, as a rule, small. But granting that Industrial Insurance demands the agent if it is to exist—and that, we believe, experience has shown beyond all question—and that the choice is between a vast number of insurances with the agent, and scarcely any without the agent, one has to accept the agent and the additional expenditure that the agent involves.

But there is a second analysis between the price of Ordinary and Industrial Insurance which ought to be considered, and here the testimony of the "New Statesman" is valuable, for its judgment is not biased by excessive admiration of Industrial Insurance.

They point out that regarding the whole insurance business as practically one for the issuing and paying of a considerable number of separate policies, for the receipt of a large number of separate sums of money in premiums, the comparison may be turned to the advantage of the industrial over the ordinary branch. The issue of new policies, the payment of claims and the collection of weekly premiums, cost a little over one penny for each transaction in Industrial business, whereas the cost of the Ordinary business is over 1/- for each transaction.

The Ultimate Test.

The truth is—there is no getting away from it—that you cannot have Industrial Insurance on a large scale without the agent, and you cannot have the vast agency system without paying for it. Here we are up against the instincts and habits of the masses of the working class. The man of the middle classes does not mind going to his office and paying his premium; in the majority of cases he has to take no further trouble than to send his cheque. When the majority of working men in the country are in possession of cheque books, one may look to their also adopting this easy method of payment; but that is a long way off.

(The continuation of this story will appear in next week's issue.)

Anything wrong in your neighbourhood? "Write to JOHN BULL about it!"

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS.

(This space is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties, and, occasionally, Nonentities.)

To Mr. Michael Collins, Irish Provisional Government.

SIR,—By inviting your Northern brethren to an "All-Ireland Parliament," there to hammer out and, if possible, to settle your differences, you show that you have the instincts of a statesman, and that your patriotism carries you high above sectarian or racial antipathies. The man who is to govern Ireland must unite her. As Parnell said, "We cannot spare a single Irishman." But remember that "when we play for a Kingdom, the gentler gamester is the sooner winner." Ulster can never be conquered—she can, however, be won. If she comes in by force, she will be a constant source of weakness. If she enters the new Free State, she should do so of her own will.

JOHN BULL.

To the Hon. Gideon Murray, M.P. for the St. Rollox Division of Glasgow.

DEAR SIR,—It is clear to me that you are bound to achieve failure in politics. The reason is simple. You have told the truth, and that, when it is unpalatable, is, need I say, an unpardonable sin. Yet it is just possible that you are one of the few who care more for your country than your career, and, in that case, I would say, "Go on and prosper." Your warning is overdue. As you tell us, Egypt is disaffected, India almost aflame, and the home country almost ruined by staggering taxation. We need more than ever a Government that can govern. Thank you for recalling the nation to itself—and its peril!

JOHN BULL.

To Thomas Gilbert, East Ham.

VILE WRETCH,—Think yourself lucky that when you were "had up" the other day for cruelty to a cat, you appeared before a Bench plainly unwilling to award the punishment such crimes as yours deserve. You were seen holding the cat on the flat roof of your pigeon-house, while you brutally belaboured it with a stick, causing the tortured animal to utter "terrible screams." Two days later this helpless victim of your brutality died of its injuries. Instead of being sent to hard labour for six months for this demonstration of your detestable character, you were merely fined 20s., which you doubtless paid with your tongue in your cheek. You are a disgrace to the community, and deserve to be shunned by every decent person.

JOHN BULL.

To Councillor Trotter, Horsham Urban Council.

DEAR KILLJOY,—You appear to have trotted round your neighbourhood to some purpose, but it is a pity you cannot find something better to do on the Sabbath Day than sniff about looking for trouble among the lads of the village engaged in the healthy pastime of football. If the language they use is a bit boisterous, it is quite easy for you to keep your delicate ears out of reach. If you can't help being a killjoy, for Heaven's sake try and be a sport! You were a boy yourself once, you know. Remember that fact, and act the man now.

JOHN BULL.

To the Chairman, Board of Guardians, Nottingham.

SIR,—I have no doubt the action of your Board in putting firewood on the market at 3s. per 100 was dictated by a desire to help the very poor—which shows your good heart. But on my pointing out that ex-Service men in the same line could not produce at that price at a profit and pay fair wages, you ceased this unfair competition and are charging ordinary market rates—which shows your good sense. I am glad you recognise that using workhouse labour to enable you to engage in competitive industry is a two-edged weapon. The ruined firewood sellers would have been driven to the workhouse, to find themselves engaged in cutting firewood for you to sell.

JOHN BULL.

To Mr. George Lansbury, Editor, "Daily Herald," Carmelite Street, E.C.

DEAR "COMRADE,"—Does it ever occur to you that you are an egregious failure? Here you are shouting at the top of your voice every morning (1) that yours is the only Labour paper; and (2) that you must have a million readers and won't be happy till you get them. But, in London and the Home Counties alone, there are ten times that number of people who work for their living, and whose interests are all on the side of Labour. And you can't get one in ten of them to read your paper! Why? There are two reasons. First, your paper is written by amateur highbrows, not by professional journalists. Secondly, it is not only dull and heavy, but sour. Now, the workman is a "sport." He does not like sermons; he wants news and he wants brightness. Any journalist who knows his business will tell you this. Why not try and get one or two on your staff?

JOHN BULL.

To Mr. F. O. Roberts, M.P., West Bromwich.

DEAR MR. ROBERTS,—Accept my congratulations on your plucky and tactful intervention in the trouble between the unemployed and the police, in your constituency the other day, whereby you undoubtedly saved the situation from developing into a very ugly one. It was kind of you also to pay the fine inflicted on the hot-headed youngster who rendered himself so conspicuous in the row. And now I trust you will bring all your influence to bear in the right quarters for providing work, at fair wages, for the unemployed. That is the only permanent cure for this pressing and distressful problem.

JOHN BULL.

To Mr. J. Perrott, President, Church Association.

SIR,—Paradoxical as it may seem, it is nevertheless a painful truth that for the rankest bigotry, the most frigid uncharity, and the sourest intolerance, one must go to a prating Pharisee like you, at the precise moment when he is presumed to be pleading the cause of Christianity—surely the meekest and gentlest of faiths. Commenting on a Chaplain who heard confessions at the Christmas Communion at Allahabad, you say it is "significant that it was in that city the Prince of Wales had the worst reception"! You added that you did not suggest any connection between the two facts. Then what, in Heaven's name, was in your narrow mind? Evidently you need a lesson or two in common sense and charity.

JOHN BULL.

To Mr. George Robey, The Hippodrome, London, W.C.

DEAR ROBEY,—Though it is obvious there is a good deal to be said for the contention of Sir Alfred Butt that the high salaries demanded by talented and popular music-hall artists like yourself have an adverse effect upon the dividends earnable by music-halls, I agree with you that an artist is entitled to a salary fairly proportioned to the money he draws to the hall in which he performs. On the expiry of existing running contracts, Sir Alfred will easily be able to experiment on a programme consisting solely of the lesser lights of the music-hall stage; and if what I understand to be his theory proves correct—that big names do not give real value for money, and do not very much matter—then he will be able to pride himself on a discovery which I have no doubt shareholders in music-hall properties will adequately reward.

JOHN BULL.

"JOHN BULL'S" WEEKLY CINEMA.

"Speak up!" the Yankee audience cries;
For silence Margot begs.
Reporters could not hear her words,
So wrote about her legs.

If Bobby Borne all profit takes
From Freddy Kellaway,
For ever and for ever we'll
For fatten twopence pay.

The heir of noble Elibank,
Of Coalition sick,
Bids farewell to his former chief
And heaves a parting brick.

Slim Uncle Sam the credit takes
For squaring matters up,
But winks his eye—full well he knows
Old John was sold a pup.

Don't grouse—"Write to JOHN BULL about it!"

SPORT AND SPORTSMEN: GLEANINGS FROM TRACK, FIELD, ROAD AND RING.

By "THE WAYFARER."

Amateur Billiards.

The progress of the Amateur Billiards Championship has made it more and more certain that the key to the final is to be found in the game in which S. H. Fry (the holder) meets W. P. McLeod (the Middlesbrough plumber) on the 14th and 15th inst. Fry had a great tussle with Major Fleming; he will have to play with more of his old confidence and freedom if he is to surmount the difficult obstacle provided by the dour Northerner, whose sketch is given. The winner of this game should be the title-holder for the year.

Johnny Buff Goes Back.

It was said in these columns last week that Johnny Buff was bluffing when he said he had come over from America "to have a look at Europe." He wanted a match, or two if possible. Also he wanted money. And this latter desire became so much of an obsession that he thought he had only to open his mouth and the dollars would be stuffed down his throat. Johnny asked something like £8,000 to box Wilde. Now he has gone back convinced there isn't so much money in all England. There isn't—for Johnny Buff.

Not Paved With Gold.

Another Johnny—his surname is Kilbane—is casting longing eyes Englandwards. But I doubt if he will come now. Buff will be able to tell him that London streets are not paved with gold; and, besides, the British sporting public really is not thirsting to see Kilbane as a boxer—though some of us are not averse to glimpsing America's Colossus of Impudence. You remember when Kilbane met Danny Frush, he (Kilbane) appointed the referee, the timekeeper, stipulated that he was to have 60,000 dollars and Frush 3,000 dollars, and when in the ring hit Frush with everything (so report goes) except the bottle and the bucket! Then the State Boxing Commission woke up and said they didn't want Kilbane any more. Neither do we.

Twelve to Follow Revisions.

Since putting up my twelve horses to follow under National Hunt Rules this season we have had twenty-three runners and nine winners, which on a flat stake of a sovereign shows a profit of £8 13s. 4d. However, I am now taking two out of the list, for Bon Marche has run badly on four occasions, and Most Beautiful (now trained by Griggs) is likely to be reserved for flat racing. In their places I am including Tuscan and Fragola, who, on their recent form, should pay to follow for the remainder of the season—so keep your eye on the list below, and do not forget that Norton, Sir Huon and Southampton are in the National:—

Chin Chin	Halberdier	Sir Huon
Fragola	Hopeful Bachelor	Southampton
Front Line	Milesius	Tuscan
Hairpin II.	Norton	Vertigo

Spring Handicap Acceptances.

The acceptance for the Lincoln and National proved highly satisfactory. Only 17 of the 72 went out of the flat race, and for the great Aintree Steeplechase only 18 of the 92 entries paid forfeit. My three for the Lincoln—Monarch, Fancy Man and Volunteer—are still "live goods," but Hapton has retired from the National. In her place I select Clashing Arms with my other two, All White and Norton.

Mr. Sol Joel's Team for Next Season.

Mr. Sol Joel experienced a wonderfully successful time last year. With £33,049, he won more in stakes than any other owner, and also headed the list of winning breeders with £32,004. During the coming season, too, it appears likely that Mr. Joel will again take a big share of the spoils, for he has a very high class team of thirty-two horses with De Mestre at Sefton Lodge, Newmarket. Among the two-year-olds are no fewer than fourteen, the progeny of those fine horses Polymelus, Pommern, Sunstar and Long Set.

Death of Up Guards' Trainer.

A well-known racing personage passed away at Lewes recently when, after a long illness, Mr. A. Sydney died at the age of 83. A good many years ago Mr. Sydney was a well-known trainer at Lewes and he turned out many winners under both rules of racing, his most notable success being gained with Up Guards, who won the Chester Cup in 1898 for Mr. Pack at 33 to 1. Up Guards was then ridden by Seth Chandley, but in his several victories "over the sticks" Up Guards' jockey was the late H. Sydney, who died twenty-one years ago.

C. B. Cochran's New Enterprise

When some two years ago Mr. C. B. Cochran, disappointed at repeated failures by boxers to observe contracts honourably, announced his retirement from the game, most people hoped he would make his re-entry when opportunity served. Well, the opportunity is coming; a syndicate has acquired a site in London for the purpose of erecting a new and improved Olympia. "C.B." (whose sketch I give) is to be managing director, and though the huge amphitheatre will see other things besides boxing contests, it can be taken for granted that some of the biggest contests in the years to come will be staged there.

The Better Way.

The Essex County Cricket Club Committee were badly advised to allow themselves to be the subject of a test case in the Law Courts over the Entertainments Tax. Any schoolboy with average intelligence and a copy of the Finance Act could have told them a member's ticket, if paid for, was liable to tax. Instead of asking for money to fight the case, they would have done better if they had started an agitation for amending the Act. Mr. H. D. Swan, the nominal defendant, was in Australia at the time judgment was given, and he couldn't have been very surprised at the result. With the backing of the theatres and music-halls, modification or repeal of the tax shouldn't be difficult.

England's Centre-Forward Problem.

Much as I should like to think otherwise, I am afraid that young F. N. S. Creek is not the centre-forward for whom England is looking. In fact, the plain truth is there isn't one, no matter how one looks. The Cambridge Blue did exceedingly well in the amateur international at Swansea, but no one would claim that the Welsh defence was very formidable. Creek and Roberts and Simms, and one or two others, might all be put in a bag and it wouldn't matter much which one came out first, except that the amateur is lacking in experience. Still, a blend of amateurism is all to the good in our International "Soccer" side, and Creek may one day get his chance, if not this season.

Disgruntled Centre-Forward.

Cantrell, the 'Spurs centre-forward, became disgruntled because he was not chosen to play in the second round Cup-tie, and asked to be released so that he could play for Notts County. Incidentally, he keeps a public-house in Nottingham. His action is really another instance—one recently came from Chelsea—of the fallacious idea among certain players that directors have no right to choose the team they think best. No doubt the 'Spurs expected something of the sort from Cantrell (see sketch) because on the day the player made his views public they were in negotiation with West Ham for the transfer of Puddefoot.

A Question of Principle.

I cannot congratulate the F.A. on their decision regarding Welsh Clubs and the F.A. Cup. Difficulties have arisen—difficulties of an acute nature—because clubs taking part in the competition owe allegiance to two different governing bodies. This being so, a vital question of principle was involved, and I do not see how one can square one's conscience on a matter of principle by saying: "The whole thing is wrong, but if we admit 14 clubs only it won't be quite so bad as if we admitted 140." Wasn't it the young woman in the dock who told the Judge that "after all the baby was only a little one"?

The Proper Course.

On another matter, a question involving international relations, the F.A. have taken a very proper course. Britain and the Continent differ very widely on the question of amateurism in football. Belgium wanted an international match—and began to dictate the conditions! The F.A. said they were sorry, but the conditions were not acceptable. The reply from Brussels was that of a spoilt child apeing the man. So Russell Square said "Thank you very much, but until you learn to behave yourself we would rather you played with your own toys." Thus the match arranged for the Highbury ground next Monday is "off," and the diplomatic break for the moment is complete.

A Few Jottings.

Arthur Townley and Albert Lloyd will meet at the Ring, Blackfriars Road, on the 23rd inst.

The inter-'Varsity hockey match, at Beckenham, in a fortnight's time, looks like a good thing for Cambridge.

By beating Journee, Marcel Nilles is still heavyweight champion of France, though not in the same class as Carpentier.

Mr. Aitken's horses, which used to be trained by J. Jervis, at Newmarket, are now under their owner's care at Huntingdon.

If the English Rugby side which plays Ireland in Dublin this week-end had been chosen against Wales, we might have avoided all references to a *debacle* at Cardiff.

Isaac Strydom, who rode 26 winners in England last season, recently won the South African Oaks on Mr. Nourse's filly Accuracy, a daughter of the famous French horse, Vinicius.

Warwick Armstrong has now retired from the paid secretaryship of the Melbourne C.C., and the sooner we forget his ill-chosen remarks about English professionals the better.

The suspension of Barson, the Villa captain, has been removed. Barson rightly apologised for having some of his friends in the dressing-room after a match—a distinct breach of rule.

All queries relating to Sporting matters dealt with on this page should be addressed to the Editor of "Sporting Life," 27, St. Bride Street, E.C.4, in which paper answers will be given.

Don't take bad treatment lying down—"Write to JOHN BULL about it!"

A PLAIN MA

The Duty of Parliament—Attend to the Bread-a

By THE

WELL, my friends. I think this week we had better have a plain, blunt talk about the political situation. For the "Talking Shop" is open again, and if I am to believe the newspapers, a great many important things are going to happen before we are very much older. Of course, we have heard this sort of talk before, and I am afraid some of us have grown a little sceptical about the wonderful Millennium which is always going to dawn the day after to-morrow; but there, there, it is an imperfect world, and I suppose we must keep our peckers up a bit longer in the hope that some day our dreams will come true. I am writing these lines before the formal opening of Parliament by His Majesty the King, but within certain limits I may venture to prophesy. The ceremony, I understand, is to be shorn of none of the pomp and panoply which belong to these high State occasions, and I have no doubt the descriptive reporters will treat us to wonderful accounts of the scene in the House of Lords, where our legislators and their ladies will assemble to listen to the Speech from the Throne. I prefer not to call it "the King's Speech," since, as everyone knows, it is not his at all, but that of his Ministers—for some of whom, to be quite candid, I entertain no very high regard. Still, it will, no doubt, be a magnificent spectacle, and I am not sure that even a Labour Government would be very much inclined to curtail its old-fashioned splendours. But we must not confuse the form with the substance. Roses are beautiful, but cabbages are food.

Another Picture.

Now come with me and I will show you another picture. We will leave the Palace of Westminster behind us, and travel eastward. This lowly cottage that we enter was once, for all its lack of pretension, a happy English home. There was no great show about it, but the sturdy British workman who lives there was in steady employment, and there was always enough food and clothes for the kiddies—and a bit to spare. It needs but half a glance to see that all that has changed for the worse. The hungry looks of the children, the pinched face of the mother, the dull despair in the father's eye, tell their own heartbreaking tale. The workman has joined the ranks of the workless. Instead of honest wages, there is only the miserable "dole" which, while it keeps the wolves of hunger at bay, looses seven devils in the breast of a man who is worth his salt as a citizen. The squalid poverty which, through the present unemployment crisis, is falling like a blight upon the great centres of population in this country is in bitter contrast with the splendour of the scene that will be enacted in the House of Lords this week, and I confess that I am not at all easy in my mind about the future. All history teaches me that hunger is the parent of political discontent, and in our native Britain we pride ourselves on the sturdy common sense that nips these perils in the bud.

The Duty of the Government.

Yet, appalling as the danger is, I shall be surprised to find anything beyond pious platitudes about it in the King's speech. From the political addresses that have been delivered during the recess, it is evident that the minds of Ministers are occupied with almost every question under the sun except the one above all others that cries aloud for a solution. The fact is, of course, that, as usual, the Party politicians are clean out of touch with the realities of daily life. They are getting ready to quarrel about the reform of the House of Lords, as though anyone outside a lunatic asylum cared twopence about that sort of thing while 2,000,000 unemployed are registered at the Labour Exchanges and the men whom yesterday we acclaimed as "heroes" are begging their bread in the streets. I solemnly warn Ministers that there must be a truce to this kind of foolery if they want to sleep comfortably in their beds at night. Frankly, I do not believe that the workless millions will remain quiescent while a supine Government goes tinkering with the Constitution instead of discharging its primary task of preserving the common decencies of life for the masses of the people. It is not the constitution of the House of Lords, but the bare cupboards of the cottage homes of England, that need the earnest attention of His Majesty's Ministers. In these critical days, all sound politics is summed up in a phrase—we must feed the people, not with the bread of charity, which turns to ashes in the mouth, but with the fruits of honest labour. There is no other problem worth an instant's attention till this is solved. The true "poltroons," I may perhaps remark in passing, are those who ignore this poignant challenge. We have heard enough of Ireland, Egypt, Mesopotamia; it is now the turn of Whitechapel and Ancoats, of Birmingham and Leeds, of the great industrial cities which were once our pride. We want no more fantastic adventures abroad. It is about time the British Government accepted a "mandate" for the starving millions at home.

What Parliament Can Do.

Oh, but you tell me, there is so little Parliament can do. Well, there are a lot of things they ought *not* to do, for a start. The House of Commons should flatly refuse to concern itself with any question that is not of immediate practical importance in relation to trade and employment. As I have said before, bread and butter politics must be the order of the day and no "flummery." The question of the House of Lords, and others like it, can wait until we are a bit more fat and prosperous and can afford to play the fool. The first task of the Government in the new Session, with such assistance as it can derive from Parliament, is to secure a revival of trade, and for this purpose there must be an immediate reduction of taxation, which, at its present level, holds the nation's commerce in a strangle-grip. With the Geddes Report in their possession, Ministers can no longer pretend that it is impossible to reduce expenditure. Like the old poacher turned gamekeeper, Sir Eri is up to every bureaucratic dodge, and it is no secret that, unless

THE WEE

**Sa d David, "Don't keep dragging out
That wretched thing when I'm about;**

N'S POLITICS.

...-Butter Problems—Down with the Income Tax!

EDITOR.

the spendthrifts are allowed to pigeon-hole his recommendations, there are brighter days in store for the taxpayer. The question of economy is bound up in the closest possible way with the problem of unemployment. It is impossible to find capital for the employment of labour while the savings of the rich are wolfed at sight by the Chancellor of the Exchequer. No one has money to lend. The choice is between spending it and losing it. In this matter, I have very little respect for the Simon Pures of political economy who insist that we must redeem our great war debt in settled instalments and "damn the consequences." I may be a heretic, but my common sense teaches me that we must, by hook or by crook, have a reduction of taxation unless the life is to be throttled out of us as a commercial nation. Let part of the war burden be shifted on to the shoulders of posterity. They have never done anything for us yet!

The Only Way.

Economy in all directions, and down with the Income Tax! There is my programme, and though I have not yet seen the King's Speech, I will wager my best hat that you will find it contains nothing better. There is nothing else worth talking about. It is the plain duty of the House of Commons to insist that the Government shall keep its promise and act upon the Geddes Report in all good faith. Then we shall know where we are, and a stern Nemesis will wait for Ministers who were shown the strait and narrow path and declined to walk in it. Then we shall recognise the cringing timeservers of whose unwholesome presence no Party has the monopoly. As regards the Labour politicians, I would urge Mr. Clynes and his friends to drop their fantastic schemes of relief for the unemployed—which could be carried out only by plunging us into fresh debt up to our necks—and unite with sensible men of all Parties in an effort to reduce taxation and loosen the fetters of trade. Increasing trade, with a resulting demand for labour, is the natural remedy for unemployment. These costly relief schemes can only be carried on the back of the taxpayer, who, with a fractured spine, will be no good to anybody. If it comes to choosing a new Prime Minister, I will tell you the man who shall have my support. I will vote for the man who will promise, on his word of honour, that as long as he holds the purse-strings not a penny of public money shall be spent that can be saved. I want to see a man at Downing Street who will emulate the wisdom of the French King—I think it was Henry of Navarre—who looked forward to the time when every citizen of France "should have a chicken in his pot." You see what he was driving at. Translated into English, at the present time it would mean that every British workman should have a decent joint on his Sunday table, enough food to go round all the week, decent garments for his wife and the kiddies, and sixpence for a drink when he wanted it. Not a bad practical ideal, is it? Once we get a Government of prudent savers instead of profligate wasters, its realisation will be within sight.

The General Election.

At the present moment, whatever the newspapers may state, the Prime Minister has not made up his mind on the vexed question of an early Election. The whole matter is under close consideration by the various Party chiefs, and next week I may have an important announcement to make which will throw a flood of light upon the situation. But when the appeal to the electors comes, be it sooner or later, the strength of the rival Parties will be in direct proportion to their zeal for the cause of economy. It is the only thing the country cares about. The working man knows that taxation has killed trade, that bad trade means the loss of good wages, and that the hated dole is no sort of substitute for the honest reward of toil. For the most part, he looks askance at the schemes of the Labour Party, which, as he justly sees, would offer him immediate relief at the expense of a still greater collapse of industry in the long run. The Government must accept the logic of the situation. Economy is the acid test of their patriotism and sincerity. Should the demon of extravagance continue to possess them, then without a doubt their fate will be not unlike that of the Gadarene swine which, as the Bible tells us, ran down a steep place into the sea.

Strike Off the Fetters.

There is plenty of work for Parliament to do, if only to uphold the right and denounce the wrong. Unemployment is the evil and trade the remedy. I want to see every obstacle in the path of commerce removed. If there is really going to be a surplus upon the Post Office account this year, the House of Commons must insist that it be used to reduce the present extravagant postal charges, and so lift a burden that presses heavily upon trade. At the moment, British industry is a fettered giant, and until its chains are broken there is no hope for the hungry. I know that thrift is not as a rule a popular gospel, but happily the average British citizen has sense enough to see that there is no middle course between stern, unbending economy and abject financial ruin. By the man-in-the-street in his millions—and by the great mass of enfranchised British women—such pious references to this question as may be contained in the King's Speech will be carried with acclamation—and nothing else will excite a flicker of interest. By all means, let us have Parliament opened in proper form, and let His Majesty be assured that there is no note of insincerity in the loyal greetings of his subjects. In all reverence let us join in the King's prayer in the presence of Parliament, "May the blessing of Almighty God rest upon your labours"; and then, since we are plain men, with wives and children to clothe and feed, let us add on our own account in the vernacular: Now, gentlemen, for the love of Heaven stop fooling and get to business; we will see about cheering you when you're through with your job.

...'S CARTOON.

**It gives me such an awful fright—
I wish you'd keep it out of sight!"**

"THANK YOU, MR. ATKINS"—AND YOU, JACK, TOO!

OUR PLEDGE.—"No case of hardship or injustice, no instance of beggarly treatment or mean cheeseparing, shall go unchallenged or unremedied."— JOHN BULL, *19th August*, 1916.

The Gift of the Disabled:—We dare prophesy that Princess Mary will receive no wedding present she will value more highly than the screen worked by the Disabled Soldiers' Industry, which she has been graciously pleased to accept from them. It is a beautiful piece of petit point w r :, mounted in a specially designed frame. The fact that it is the work of men who sacrificed health and limb in the service of their King and Country will make the gift doubly precious to her.

A Golden Opportunity!—According to an advertisement there is a vacancy at Penyffordd, Chester, for an experienced chauffeur, unmarried, to clean boots, knives, help in garden, etc., wages 50s., live out. The "etc." probably includes taking a hand in the family washing and putting the baby to bed. It is conceivably an oversight that applicants are not requested to provide their own cars!

A Pitiful Case:—An ex-Service man, married, with wife and one child, living at Newmarket, in Flintshire, suffering from heart trouble, has had to fall back on parish relief. Matters are made worse by the fact that his wife is again expecting to become a mother. As the poor fellow pathetically remarks, "parishioners here look upon paupers as lepers." He is able to do only light work, such as that of Insurance Agent. But the old, old cry again crops up—where to get it. And so it goes on.

One More!—Never shall we be able to compute the real number of casualties of the war. Almost every day brings news of some nerve-wrecked warrior to whom death seems preferable to the torture of life. "Suicide whilst of unsound mind" was the verdict at St. Pancras on the body of John Stanley Cooper, 33, of Wightman Road, Hornsey. Since his demobilisation he had grown very moody, and frequently stated that he was weary of life. A constable found the poor fellow hanging by a cord from a hook in the wall of his father's workshop in Gray's Inn Road. Another hero gone to join his pals "out West"!

A Kindly Magistrate:—Frederick Hayes, a Salonika victim, took a little more alcohol than a system injured by service could stand. He tore up his clothes and contracted bronchitis from the exposure. Colonel Pinkham, M.P., allowed him to be sent to hospital instead of jail, and had him provided with a new overcoat to travel in. It is bad that such valour as two rows of ribbons proves Hayes to have possessed should not prevent him taking foolish risks, but good to find a Magistrate who can show appreciation of manly pluck by well-timed clemency.

A Good Example:—The Merchant Officers who "did their bit," as their ribboned breasts show, have found on returning to peace-time duties so few berths available that many are absolutely at the end of their resources. The Prince Line, however, have adopted the welcome and sensible system of employing in rotation, so that instead of some officers getting full time and others none, each will get his fair share. This method, if other lines would adopt it, would materially reduce the present distress.

A Dog's Life:—The authorities in Ahmednagar, India, are determined that Indian agitators shall gain no texts for seditious speeches on the ground that the Infantry stationed in that city are living in ease and elegance, or lolling in the lap of luxury. An order forbidding native boot-boys is the latest ukase, while nothing less than shooting at dawn or hanging will, we suppose, be the reward for playing the seductive sport of kings known as "House" or Lotto.

Carving Lean Rations:—Of course, the felling of a tree must start at the bottom, but in the Army the trunk is fairly sound, and the portions to be lopped are the rotten top branches. Yet the economy in the War Office apparently is to consist of chippings from the area least requiring such treatment. Put into cold-blooded language, the swollen pay and allowances of superfluous brass-hats is to be spared, but the ordinary daily allowance in lieu of rations is to be reduced from 2s. 2d. to 2s.!

Payment for Safety:—During the war, the fighters preserved not merely the precious skins of the ironfounders, but afforded them the opportunity of high wages. To-day, the Government authorities ask for facilities for training ex-Servicemen in that trade. Coldly replying that "the training of ex-Servicemen has never been approved" by them, the Metropolitan Federation of Foundry Unions decline to agree to the scheme. It is an attitude as ungrateful as it is selfish.

Jack's Money:—The awards of Prize Bounty granted for the destruction of the undermentioned German submarines are now ready for distribution in the Department of the Accountant-General: — *U.B.* 31, by H.M. Trawlers *Ocean Roamer*, *Lord Leitrim* and *Loyal Friend*, and H.M. Airship S.S. Z.29, 2nd May, 1918; *U.B.* 39, by H.M.S. *Glen*, 17th May, 1917. Capture of armed Bolshevik vessels by H.M. ships at Archangel, on 2nd August, 1918; destruction of Bolshevik gunboats *Mogouchy* and *Dedoushka* by H.M. ship M.25, on 14th-15th September, 1918; destruction of a Bolshevik gunbarge by H.M. ships *Glowworm* and *Cockchafer* on 20th June, 1919.

Axe Without Nerves: — Many hundreds of men, with nervous systems ruined through their war sufferings, are attending clinics in the hope that some little of their lost health may be restored. They must subsist while receiving the treatment. Yet it is on these helpless men that the first blow of the axe must fall—their meagre allowance of £2 per week is apparently to cease, and they to revert to a basis of 40 per cent. or less of pension!

Charity Before Relief: — Whether it is better to take the voluntary pennies of the charitable or subsist on relief obtained compulsorily from the ratepayers was the question before two ex-soldiers named Deeks and Streeting, of Poplar, after pawning their War Medals—Deeks had six. They chose the former, and were accordingly arrested for begging. We are glad Mr. Clarke Hall bound them over and asked the Court Missionary to help them.

Bravo, U.S.A.!—America is contemplating a splendid gift to her ex-soldiers. She proposes to underwrite four billion dollars' worth of British Government Bonds—representing our indebtedness to her—to provide them with bonuses. Under this scheme, each man would get roughly 900 dollars for 13 months' service, as against 160 dollars received by a sergeant in the British Army for 51 months' service. In some directions, it seems, Uncle Sam can give us points.

After Twenty-One Years: — An ex-R.S.M., Royal Artillery, who served 21 years with the Colours, being discharged with an exemplary character in October, 1919, is in dire straits. Having commuted his pension, he invested the money in business and failed. He then applied for the dole, but failed to get it because he had not twenty stamps on his Insurance card, and to-day, at the age of 40, possessing seven decorations and being smart, strong, and willing, he finds himself adrift and in peril of starvation. This, after giving the best years of his life to the service of his country. Shame!

Other Times Now:—During the war certain places of refreshment were out of bounds for the troops. They are still out of bounds, and poor Tommy can't have the necessary refreshment. Why? Possibly because the high-brows were sent away to grow cabbages on their allotments and forgot to remove the embargo.

Our Daily "Thank You": — From E. N., Gormanstown, Co. Meath—"I am very glad to inform you that, thanks to your efforts, my pension has now been cleared up and all arrears paid. I received the money order and new ring paper a few days after you wrote on my behalf. I thank you for your kindness in putting my case through so promptly."

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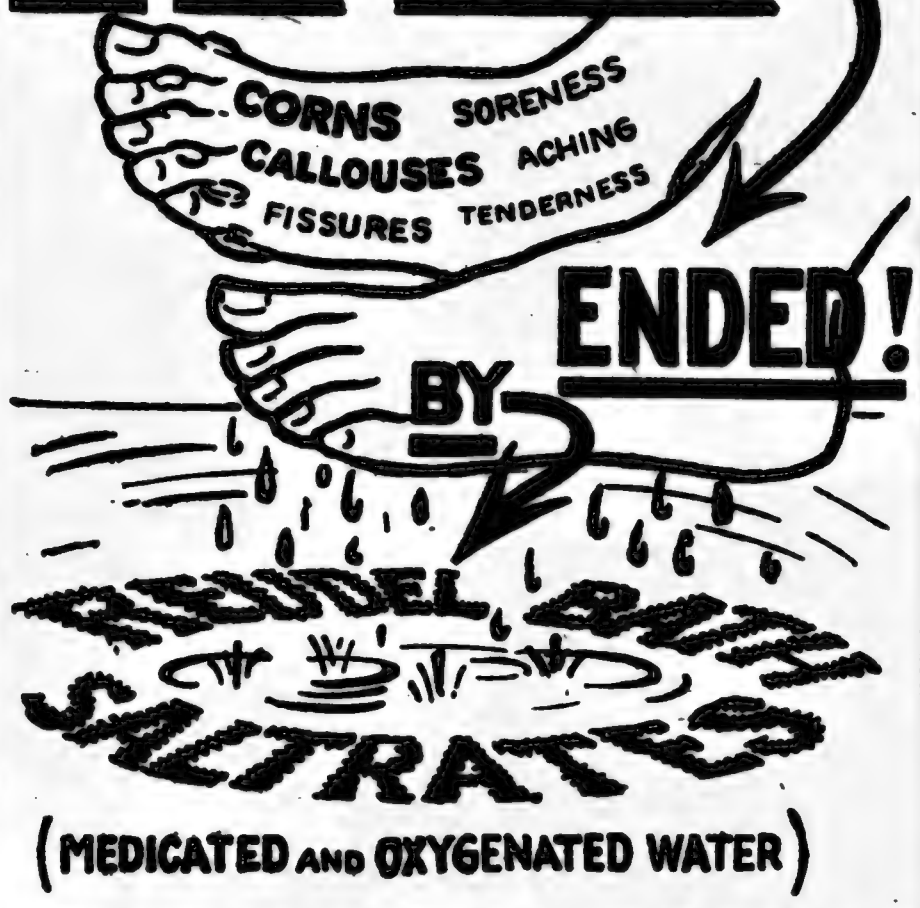

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THE SQUIRE AND THE LABOURER.

PITILESS EVICTION OF A HELPLESS FAMILY.

We are all familiar with the type of large country landowner who loves to be called "the Squire," to sit on the Magisterial Bench, and to read the lessons in Church, who would have the villagers sing "God bless the Squire and his relations and keep us in our proper stations," though his actions are devoid of all squirely chivalry and characterised by the most un-Christian uncharitableness. Such a "Squire," it appears to us, is Mr. G. E. Matcham, J.P., the owner of a good deal of property in Redlynch, near Salisbury. We tell the story of the manner of his eviction of a family from one of his cottages, that he may have all the credit that is due to him.

Duty Brings Disaster.

John Larking is a sober, honest, industrious fellow, who rented a cottage as an ordinary tenant from Mr. Matcham about five years ago. He was employed on Government work on Salisbury Plain during the war, being unfit for military service, and when peace came obtained a position on Mr. Matcham's land as an agricultural labourer, working under the supervision of the farm bailiff, named Herbert Hand, who seems never to have taken kindly to him. About eighteen months ago, Hand gave him the task of driving a horse which was unused to the shafts or the road, and had gained the reputation of a dangerous beast while being tried as a hunter. Larking was a skilled horsekeeper, and could have managed the animal if anyone could, but he had not gone many yards before it shied and bolted, finally burying Larking beneath the overturned cart. The poor fellow sustained frightful injuries and lay in agony for weeks, during which time the "Squire" and his relations showed him no kindness or attention whatever. After a long period of hospital treatment he was told that his injury was permanent. He will never be able to raise his right arm above the shoulder, and the problem of providing for his delicate wife and three little children became an acute one. Repeatedly he applied to the "Squire" for light employment, but none was given him, and the family was reduced to the verge of starvation before they obtained through a solicitor from an insurance company, in full settlement, the totally inadequate sum of £100—much of which had already been swallowed up by medical and legal expenses. Larking at last obtained a post as occasional caretaker at the Church Hall, but in so doing incurred the enmity of the "Squire" and his bailiff, the latter telling him "he would make it his business to chuck him out of it," and in fact he received notice to quit his cottage within a year.

A Cruel Eviction

During the twelve months the poor man applied all over the country for a light situation, but he was unsuccessful in obtaining employment as he was in finding fresh accommodation elsewhere for his family. The "Squire" eventually took the matter before his brother Magistrates at Salisbury, and obtained an Eviction Order for January 1st. On the 3rd their furniture was placed by the roadside. The Vicar very kindly stored the things in the Church Hall, and kindly-disposed neighbours gave temporary accommodation to the homeless family. Meanwhile, this shameless "Squire" let Larking's cottage to a man living in a house of his own a few miles away, and keeps empty another cottage a few hundred yards off. As the neighbours are unable to provide permanent quarters, Larking and his ailing family are faced with the workhouse. Oh, beautiful, bountiful "Squire"!

PRINTER'S PIE.

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published under this heading. Envelopes must be marked "Pie.")

"Daily Sketch":—"In addition to being a married man, Lord Lascelles' brother had the misfortune to break a leg in three places some time ago."

"The Lady" (advertisement):—"A boy is kept for boots and knives, and a lady nurse for a baby (which is only, however, a temporary arrangement)."

"Eastern Daily Press" (advertisement):—"Wanted 30th February, good Cook."

"Sports Gazette":—"The Blytholme Club found the Mall billiard team a little too good, both teams winning handsomely."

"Daily Mail Year Book":—"Paderewski . . . was invited to become president of Poland when it became an independent kingdom."

"Bournemouth Daily Echo":—"The bridesmaids wore frocks of powder blue georgette trimmed with girdles and sprays of pale pink roses with hair to match."

"Girl's Friend Library":—"'Don't you understand I cannot see her again? Therefore it is best that I should see her now.'"

"Daily Express":—"It was . . . a source of thought which kept him awake at night and woke him in the morning with a sense of blank despair."

"My Pocket Novels":—"That feeble cry which she had heard could not have been uttered by a living voice."

"Eastern Evening News":—"The Cromer lifeboat was landed to the assistance of a . . . . steamer in difficulties about two miles off the town."

"THE GREATEST OF THESE—"

(Registered under the War Charities Act as the John Bull *War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to the Hon. Secretary at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.)*

Among the numerous cases we assisted during the week were the following:—

The Last Debt:—The husband dead, his widow is helpless, and could not meet the funeral expenses. There were the usual debts.

How They Live:—A woman was recently discharged from hospital, still too ill to work. Her aged mother maintained the house, but little is coming in. There is a young boy to keep.

We Helped:—Father and child were very ill. The wife and mother was again on the eve of confinement, and there was no money and little food in the house when we were asked to assist.

Saved from the Street:—An ex-soldier has eight "olive branches," the eldest being a boy in the Navy, and the remainder going to school. The father cannot find work, and they were about to be evicted when he wrote to us.

Broken Up:—Valvular disease of the heart is bad; but when added to it are nervous debility, the effects of shell-shock and asthma, the case is a particularly hard one. One poor sufferer proudly wears the Star, but the decoration was of no avail.

"Help of the Helpless":—In a district where work is almost out of the question just now was a woman who laboured for the family, her husband failing to find a job. The sword descended upon the stricken home when the poor wife was confined. Our Fund came to the rescue.

"HEARTBREAK HOUSE."

PATHETIC PLIGHT OF ORPHANED CHILDREN.

Until recently there lived in Hull a Reservist who was called up on the outbreak of war and served for three and a half years in the Tank Corps. Like so many other ex-soldiers, however, he found on discharge that there was less demand for his services in peace than in war, and a long and wearisome search for work became his lot. He remained unemployed from 28th January, 1921, to 29th December, daily growing more despairing as lack of nourishment sapped his vitality and depressed his spirits. When at last he found a job he was too feeble to do it, and after ten days collapsed and died from influenza and bronchial pneumonia. To him it might have seemed a happy release, even though he had to be buried by the parish, but for the fact that his last hours were tortured with anxiety as to what would become of his wife and three little ones.

"The Poor Help the Poor."

They had practically starved while he was alive, and when the pathetic circumstances came to our knowledge were still starving, for all the family savings had been exhausted and there was no insurance. The newly-made widow and orphans were in a pitiful state of destitution, eking out a bare existence upon contributions of food from neighbours and kindly shop-keepers, when one of the children was stricken with the disease which had carried off the father. The cry of the widow and fatherless reached our ears. We assisted on your behalf. Will you help us to help more of such cases? Their number is appalling, and our funds are very low.

WITH MANY THANKS.

"Anon. D." £4; E. B., £1; "The Pub" (Mount Ayliff), £1; J. U. (Manchester), £1; W. R. (Hull), 13s. 3d.; "Gwenllian," 10s.; I. H. (Dalton), 10s.; "Fag," £1; A. C. S. (Bedford), 1s.; T. J. L. (Haydock), 5s.; L. T. (Evesham), 5s.; D. G. D., 2s.; A. W. C. (Natal), 2s. 2d.; Mr. H. S. (Silvertown), 2s. 6d.; W. M. (Hammersmith), 2s.; F. C. (Camden Square), 5s.; T. J. S. (St. Albans), 2s. 6d.; L. J. W. N. H. (Hildenborough), 3s.; Anon., 4s. 3d.; H. H. (Ormskirk), 2s. 10d.; M. B., parcel; "A Real Yorkshire Lassie" (Bristol), 1s.; T. S., 1s. 2d.; F. E. (Leeds), 10s.; W. T. (Ockley), 5s.; Anon., parcel; F. D. (Redditch), 4s.; Mrs. M. T. (Ripon), 2s. 6d.; D. H. (Eaton Bray), 2s. 6d.; J. H. (Sittingbourne), 2s.; C. P. (Manor Park), 2s.; W. M. (Tweedmouth), 1s. 6d.; H. H. (Doncaster), 1s. 3d.; H. E. M., 1s.; M. B., 1s.; J. C. B., 1s.; Mrs. S. V. C. (South Brent), 6d.; Mrs. E. T. (Battle), 6d.; G. B. (Eastchurch), 6d.; "Seal" (Ealing), 6d.; W. S. (Kerswell), 6d.; "A Constant Reader" (Whitfield), parcel; E. M. W. (Lincoln), parcel; E. B. (Salisbury), parcel; Mrs. M. L. (Newcastle-on-Tyne), 2s. 8d.; M. F. (Giffnock), 5s.; "In Memory of my Darling Husband" (Gt. Yarmouth), 2s. 6d.; W. O., 1s.; "Healthy Catholic," 6d.; "A Bristol Reader," 5s.; Anon., 2s.; "Garth," 1s.; E. A. D. (Budgwick), 1s.; "Pedro" (Charlton), 2s. 6d.; E. F. C. (Southfields), 10s.; "Constant Reader R.G.A." 2s.; "Pit Lad" (Derbyshire), 2s. 6d.; A. M. (Manchester), 2s.; F. B., 2s. 3d.

Mr. Charles S. Taberner, the winner of the First Prize in our "Bullets" Competition No. 435, has kindly sent us £5.

IS YOUR GIFT HERE?

COLLECTING BOXES.

Mr. McGrath, Crown, Crown Court, Fleet Street, E.C., 2d.; Mr. James, City of Canton, Upper North Street, Poplar, 3s.; Mr. W. Bolton, 256, Humberston Road, Leicester, 1s.; Mr. J. Davis, 19, Embankment Road, Plymouth, 3s.; Mrs. M. Farthing, The Workhouse, Wem, Salop, 5s.; Mr. W. C. C. Taylor, 25, Milton Street, Saltburn, 2s. 2d.; Mr. Pogson, The Phœnix, 104, East India Dock Road, 1s. 2½d.; Mr. Harris, Australian Arms, 18, Lower Chapman Street, Commercial Road, 2s. 6d.; Mr. Purnell, Kings Arms, 357, Cable Street, Stepney, 3d.; Mr. Fowle, Duke of York, High Street, Shadwell, 5s. 3d.; Mr. Clayton, 139, Nevill Road, Stoke Newington, 16s.; Mr. Davis, Clarendon, Mildmay Park, 1s.; Mr. Marshall, Sultan's Head, Rosslyn Street, Upper Clapton, 1s. 4d.; Mr. Briggs, 50, Newington Green, N., 2s. 6d.; Mr. Goodman, Pegasus, Green Lane, Stoke Newington, 2s. 5d.; Mr. G. Dakin, Shaftesbury Hotel, Conduit Street, Leicester, 10d.; Mr. W. Bolton, 256, Humberstone Road, Leicester, 1s.; Mr. F. Scotney, Fish and Quart Hotel, Churchgate, Leicester, 2s. 3d.; Mr. A. Taylor, Adam and Eve, High Street, Kensington, W., 3s. 6½d.; Mr. A. Hey, Denbigh Arms, Denbigh Street, S.W., 8d.; Mr. P. W. Weeks, The Rose, Fulham Road, S.W., 10d.; Mr. T. H. Rawlings, Bessboro' Arms, Bessboro' Place, S.W., 1s. 8½d.

Remember "A soft answer turneth away wrath"—but—"Write to JOHN BULL about it!"

LORD LISTER & Zam-Buk

Lord Lister's discovery of antiseptic surgery has saved the world a lot of lives, but it has been left to Zam-Buk to bring into millions of homes the full benefits of antiseptic healing. It is the greatest antiseptic healer the world has ever known.

Zam-Buk is a compact and highly-refined herbal balm with an antiseptic power many times greater than that of any mere salve or ointment. Zam-Buk *kills* and *excludes* disease germs, and instantly allays pain and irritation. It first cleanses a sore place and then grows over it new healthy skin.

As a first-aid dressing for injuries, and for rooting-out such troubles as eczema, ulcers, ringworm, abscesses, poisoned wounds and piles, Zam-Buk is used the world over. Keep a box always handy.

In sealed packages of all chemists or from the Zam-Buk Laboratories, Leeds. Be sure you always get Zam-Buk. There's nothing "just as good."

THE WORLD'S
ANTISEPTIC HEALER

WHOOPING COUGH

The Ideal Family Remedy cures a Whole Family of Little Sufferers.

Mrs. York, of 2, King's Head, Rushden, Northants, says: "I shall always praise Veno's Lightning Cough Cure for the good it has done my children. Some years ago one of my little boys caught whooping cough, and was very ill indeed. The attacks came on in the night, and I had constantly to be on the alert ready to run to his assistance. My husband suggested Veno's. He had taken it himself, and knew its value. So I got some, and very soon there was improvement and quickly the child recovered his normal health. Since then Veno's has cured my other children of the same ailment. It is quite wonderful. Children like it too."

Mrs. York's Children.

Veno's Lightning Cough Cure is the Safest and Surest Remedy for

COUGHS AND COLDS.
LUNG TROUBLES.
NASAL CATARRH.
BRONCHITIS.
ASTHMA.

1/3 A BOTTLE.

DIFFICULT BREATHING.
WHOOPING COUGH.
BLOOD SPITTING.
HOARSENESS.
INFLUENZA.

Large size 2s. The 2s. size is more economical. Of Chemists and Medicine Vendors the World over.

VENO'S LIGHTNING COUGH CURE

BOVRIL

Repels Colds, Chills and Influenza

SENSATIONAL OFFER to "JOHN BULL" Readers.

This is not a catch-penny advertisement, but a genuine and guaranteed undertaking by a wholesale firm of repute, that has supplied direct to the factor for the past 28 years, but who have now decided to offer the advantages and benefit of their experience to the public direct.

80/- AN Made-to-Measure LOUNGE SUIT for 36/6

Why go on paying extortionate prices for well-made clothes when you can save more than half the cost by accepting our offer? You could not obtain a more exact fit or cut nor better value material than we give you at anything like our prices. It is impossible to buy cheaper—it is foolish to pay more.

If you are not satisfied YOU DON'T PAY

Every Garment Guaranteed.

There is a reason why we are able to offer high-grade Made-to-Measure Suits and Overcoats so cheaply—it is because we are the actual Manufacturers. Our profit on each order is extremely small, but our output is enormous. We want the public support, with which we are able to continue to supply direct to the wearer and thus save our Customers all Middlemen's and intermediate profits which are undoubtedly the chief cause of the abnormal high prices now charged for real good tailoring.

LOUNGE SUIT.

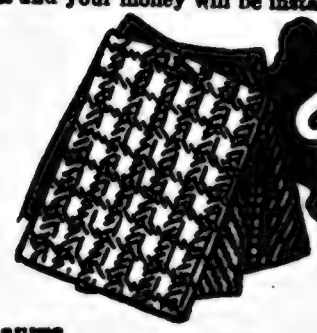
Made to measure in any style. Exquisitely Tailored and a perfect fit guaranteed. Supplied in a splendid range of All-Wool Tweeds and Worsteds. As illustrated. From Our Speciality: Blue Serges, guaranteed indigo dye, London shrunk. From 45/- **36/6**

OVERCOATS.

Without a doubt the finest value in the world. Magnificent range of All-Wool Tweeds, Naps, Meltons, Cheviots, etc., in any style. From **35/-**

You can safely send us your order, as behind this offer is a guarantee of complete satisfaction, so that if for any reason you are not entirely satisfied with the goods, you can return them to us and your money will be instantly refunded.

36/6



USE THIS COUPON

30/- ALL WOOL JUVENILE SPORTS SUITS
Three-piece, with four Patch pockets, and Belt at back, 17s. 6d. only. We have a large stock of the above, in Sizes 3's to 8's. Well-made in good quality cloth. Colours: Brown, Grey, and Herring Bone. Owing to the very low price, we are unable to send Patterns. The suits are worth in To-day's market, 30s. Satisfaction guaranteed. **17/6**

THESE PATTERNS SENT POST FREE.

When applying for patterns state whether required for Suit or Overcoat or both. Our range is so wide that whatever your requirements are we can supply you.

FINSBURY TAILORING COMPANY
14, CHISWELL ST., E.C.2.
Open 9 till 7, Saturday—9 till 1.
and
139, Newington Causeway, S.E.1.
Open—9 till 8. Saturday—9 till 9.

COUPON.

To FINSBURY TAILORING CO., Department 1
14, Chiswell Street, E.C.2.

Please send me Free of all cost and obligation range of Patterns for Suit or/and Overcoat as offered above. Strike out patterns not required.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

Date .....

IN THE BARBER'S CHAIR.

DR. FRIDTJOF NANSEN.

GOO' arfternoon, sir. I seem to know your face. At the same time, it seems years since I seen it. Lemme think. Any 'ow, sir, wot kin I 'ave the pleasure? . . . . *Shavin'?* Yessir. Set 'ere, if you don't mind. ('E's a bloomin' foreigner, anyway, or I'll eat me 'at.) Nice weather for the time o' year, sir . . . . Eh? *'Orrible weather?* Wot? . . . . *Not cold enough?* Git out! We ain't all Harctic explorers, yer know . . . Wot cher jumpin' for? (Ha! that's a clue!) Er, by the way, sir, seen anythink o' the North Pole lately? . . . *I know you?* Course I knows yer! You're Nansen, the explorer, or my name ain't—well, never mind wot my name is. I'm glad you've dropped in, Doctor. I've bin jest aching for a word with you since your lecture at the Queen's 'All, on the Russian famine. . . .

* * *

Can you tell me wot was the cause o' the terrible famine? . . . . *Failure of the crops?* Yes; I know. But that ain't wot I mean. W'y did the crops fail? . . . . Oh, it was the *accumulative effect of a certain set of circumstances*, was it? But wot caused them circumstances? . . . . *No need to go into that? There is the famine, w'ich is enough?* That's all very fine, but I awsk you again: wot caused the circumstances wot caused the famine? . . . . Then I'll tell yer. Bolshevism! Bloodthirsty Bolshevism! Thet caused it. Nothink else. We British know wot famines are. We 'ave 'em periodical in Injia. But they ain't due to Bolshevism. They arise from genuine natchrel causes, and we always does wot we can to 'elp the sufferers. At the same time, a section o' the population knows wot famine is in England. And we do wot we can to 'elp them—becos charity should begin at 'ome. Jew know there's men, wimmen an' children in this country to-day wot 'aven't got enough to eat? . . . . Oh, *you'd 'ardly believe it?* Well, it's true, any way. An' jew know the cause? . . . . Then I'll tell yer. The cause was the prolonged wore. An' jew know w'y the wore was prolonged? . . . . No, it wasn't so much the strength o' Germany as Bolshevism, wot prevented Russia doin' 'er bit along with the other Allies. I tell yer, three parts o' the distress wot we see in England to-day is due to Russia. . . . .

* * *

It's all very well to spout about the obligations of humanity, an' all thet. Did the Bolsheviks think o' that w'en they started their 'orrible massacres? . . . . Oh, I know it ain't the Bolsheviks wot's starvin'. They wouldn't be Bolsheviks if they was. It's their wretched victims wot's goin' through it. *Contradicted meself?* Oh, no, I 'aven't. You think becos' I sed we are bein' awsked to 'elp them wot caused our own troubles 'ere at 'ome, an' then sed it wasn't the Bolsheviks wot was starvin', thet I've tied meself up. I say if we 'elp the starvin' Russians we are 'elpin' them wot caused the famine. The responsibility belongs to the Bolsheviks, an' they oughter be made to bear it. Instead o' w'ich they thieve the grub wot's sent to feed the famished. I tell yer straight, not one copper o' mine goes to Russia w'ile there's one pore family in England wantin' 'elp. It may sound 'arsh to you, but them's my sentimints. . . . . Goo' day, Doctor.

OUR ADVERTISEMENT COLUMNS.

If you ask the average man in the street what advertising does he will probably say it sells goods, but if you will look carefully through the advertisement columns of JOHN BULL you will see that it does more than this. It can sell an idea, as in the case of the N.C.C.V.D. advertisement on page ii. of cover, which will increase the health of the nation, or of the Insurance Column, on page 5, which gives a greater knowledge of insurance methods.

Of course, most of our advertisements sell goods or service. The Glaxo people tell you that their prices are now reduced. Most of the others are announcements of special bargains, and in every case these are covered by the guarantee on page 19.

Nothing doubtful is allowed in the trade advertisements in our columns, and therefore our readers are not subjected to trickery and know that their money is "in trust" until they receive satisfaction.

You may safely reply to any JOHN BULL advertisement.

"ODDS ON" WINS!

"PUT AND TAKE" FAILS TO GET A PLACE.

JOHN BULL'S great new racing game, "Odds On," is romping home an easy winner everywhere, leaving "Put and Take" far behind from the start. It is not surprising, for there is as much difference between "Odds On" and "Put and Take" as between a thoroughbred and a carthorse, or as between billiards and marbles. The great fascination of "Odds On" lies in its large number of variations. You can back your fancy of six horses, and get odds ranging from twos to tens, and there is a big surprise sometimes even when you think you are on the winner. The lower part of the top bears the names of the horses, and an upper disc, revolving independently, discloses the odds when the top falls. Buy one and you can carry all the excitement of a race-course in your waistcoat pocket.

——— and Wincarnis gives new vitality to those who are Run-down because ———

Wincarnis is a Tonic, a Restorative, a Blood-maker and a Nerve Food—all combined in one rich, delicious, health-giving preparation.

As a Tonic it "tones up" the whole system. As a Restorative it restores lost vitality. As a Blood-maker it enriches and re-vitalises the blood; and as a Nerve Food it promotes new nerve force.

That is why over 10,000 doctors recommend Wincarnis.

If you are Weak, or Anæmic, or Nervous, or Run-down—begin taking Wincarnis to-day.

But be sure you get Wincarnis—*shun substitutes.*

All Wine Merchants and licensed Chemists and Grocers sell Wincarnis. Try just one bottle.

Small Size, 3/3. ——— Large Size, 6/-.

WINCARNIS

The Wine of Life.

Varicose Ulcers

Soothed at the First Application, and Cured after Years of Suffering.

A Miracle of Healing by Germolene.

Domestic skin treatment has been revolutionised by the triumphant introduction of Germolene, the new aseptic skin dressing and the old drastic antiseptic method of dealing with skin complaints, has given place to a soothing, comforting, cleansing, and healing process, which is exciting praise and gratitude all over the world. The case referred to below is typical of hundreds of others. It is just one more proof of the statement that even in cases of serious skin trouble, Germolene soothes at a touch.

Mrs. E. Holman, 69, Warden Road, Kentish Town, London, N.W., suffered for years from varicose veins, and about eight years ago one of them broke and an ulcer formed. This was cured in time, but it was obviously only a symptom of trouble to come, for no fewer than twelve ulcers appeared around the left ankle and leg, each as big as a penny. In the end the unfortunate lady was confined to bed, and it was not until she used Germolene that she was able to get relief from her suffering. Within a week after the first application, improvement was manifested, and gradually the ulcers healed. How there is no sign of the trouble.

Germolene is prepared in the most perfectly equipped laboratory of its kind in the British Empire by the Veno Drug Co., Ltd., Manchester, the proprietors of the world-famed Dr. Cassell's Tablets and Veno's Cough Cure. It has been awarded gold medals for general excellence at four international exhibitions. Sold at 3/- per tin (small size 1/3) by all chemists.

What to Take for CONSTIPATION

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

Take a good dose of **Carter's Little Liver Pills**—then take 2 or 3 for a few nights after. They cleanse your system of all waste matter and **Regulate Your Bowels.** Mild—as easy to take as sugar. *Genuine bear signature—* Beanford

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

REPAIRS WHILE YOU WAIT.

TEETH

FITTED IN FOUR HOURS.

REPAIRS BY POST A SPECIAL FEATURE

Orders sent by post to 291, 293, Gray's Inn Road are repaired and returned to you the same day. Do not delay—send your broken plate or broken teeth NOW. Perfect satisfaction guaranteed.

GOOD TEETH MEAN GOOD HEALTH.

Complete Set 15/- *With seven years' written guarantee*

Gold Filling 10/6

Single Teeth 2/-

GOOD TEETH WILL IMPROVE YOUR APPEARANCE.

Teeth Painlessly Extracted 1/-

Teeth Painlessly Extracted with gas 2/-

Decayed Teeth Stopped 2/-

EXPERT ADVICE FREE -

Perhaps you are not quite certain what it is that your teeth require!

In that case, give the Surgery a call at your earliest convenience and have a free consultation.

Expert advice on the care of the teeth is at the service of every caller at the Williams Dental Surgery, and no charge is made for same.

WILLIAMS TEETH Co. LTD.

If unable to call send P.C. for FREE BOOK "Perfect Teeth."

141, NEWINGTON CAUSEWAY, S.E.1

18 & 20, OXFORD STREET, W.1 (Next door to Oxford Music Hall).

213, PICCADILLY, W.1 (Three doors from Piccadilly Circus).

291, 293, GRAY'S INN ROAD, KING'S CROSS, W.C.1

EASY TERMS & REALLY GOOD TAILORING

Perfect-Fitting LOUNGE SUIT or OVERCOAT FROM

£3:3:

To Measure.

Supplied on First Payment of 8/-. Balance 8/- Monthly.

Smart and serviceable clothes, perfectly cut, excellently made and carefully finished.

Call at any of our Establishments for FREE PATTERNS and Style Booklet and judge for yourself the value we are giving, or write Dept. J.B., stating if overcoat or suit patterns are required and they will be sent FREE, together with our simple self-measurement form.

2/- in the £ discount if you pay cash.

We can fit you perfectly by post.

BENSONS

87, EDGWARE ROAD, W. (near Marble Arch)
152, FEACHURCH ST., E.C. (opposite Rood Lane)
169, STRAND, W.C. (opposite Gaiety Theatre)
69, CHEAPSIDE E.C. (corner of Queen Street)
24, HIGH HOLBORN, W.C. (next to Stadium)
184 GOLDHAWK RD., W. (Nr. Shepherd's B. Exp.)
71 73 73A, CAMDEN RD., CAMDEN TOWN, N.W.

Benson & Co., Ltd. *Est. 1905.*

HAIR-GROWING DISCOVERY

Many who were completely bald have grown a full crop of beautiful hair by using Kotalko. This is composed of genuine bear fat, with the juice of the rare pilocarpus plant and other potent ingredients.

The preparation known as Kotalko may be obtained by sending sixpence stamps or P.O. for trial size, to John Hart Brittain, Ltd., 2, Percy Street (53 C), London, W. 1. Marvellous and speedy growth of hair has been reported even when baldness has existed for years.

NO MORE ASTHMA

Every Asthma sufferer should know that Potter's Asthma Cure gives instant relief. The moment you inhale it the strangling coughing stops and you can breathe easily.

POTTER'S Asthma Cure

is the best remedy for bronchitis of children. Have you been a martyr to asthma and bronchitis for years? If so, keep it handy and use when required. Attacks will be prevented and peaceful sleep ensured. Potter's Asthma Cure is supplied by all chemists, herbalists and stores for 1s. 9d., or post free 1s. 9d., from Potter and Clarke, Ltd., 60, Artillery Lane, London, E.1.

A Free Trial, together with a little book "Are you Asthmatic?" will be sent if you forward a 2d. stamp and

Sign this Form To-day

and post it to the above address.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

John Bull .....

PLAYER'S "COUNTRY LIFE" CIGARETTES

Medium Strength BLUE CARTON

10 FOR 5½D.

Manufactured by the Proprietors of PLAYER'S "COUNTRY LIFE" SMOKING MIXTURE.

JOHN PLAYER & SONS, Nottingham.

Branch of The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland) Ltd.

P.352

"John Bull's" Letter Bag.

[*The EDITOR replies to, and chats with, some of his numerous Correspondents.*]

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., *as they are liable to be mislaid. Copies should be forwarded in the first instance. For a reply by post on personal subjects, a twopenny stamped envelope must be enclosed.*

LETTERS *must be addressed to the Editor or Publishers, 93, Long Acre, W.C.2, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters. No fee is charged in respect of enquiries. Full name and address should be given—not necessarily for publication, but as evidence of good faith.*

"CRITIC" (Cardiff).—We never in our life made "an assault on Christianity." On sanctimonious humbug and Pecksniffian piety, if you like.

G. A. (Cambridge).—"Allow me to thank you for your good plain speech on behalf of the old comrades." No need, sonny, but nice of you all the same.

"ROBAL" (Dover).—"Don't be so keen on the Labour Party's faults." We are not; it is their virtues we are keen on.

B. G. (Kilburn, N.W.).—There has been no change whatever in the policy of JOHN BULL regarding Ireland. You rather give yourself away when you refer to any section of the British population as "the vomit of Hell."

"REGULAR READER" (Norbury, S.W.).—"Roman Catholics appreciate your generous comment on the passing away of His Holiness Pope Benedict XV." Not generous, but just.

S. G. (Framfield).—"If I come to see you, you must not insist on my smoking a strong cigar or drinking a glass of whisky." Certainly not, but for the sake of sociability we might split a biscuit.

"ANTI-HUMBUG."—"I like your religion." At any rate, it fits us.

T. R. T. (Leeds).—We are glad to hear from you so regularly, and you need not be at all afraid of hurting our feelings. We usually sit on them during business hours.

"JILL."—"Whether I please, or whether I tease, I give you my honest mind." As you suggest, not a bad motto for our "Letter Bag."

"OLD READER" (Bakewell).—It is true that we made a little slip recently in regard to Mr. Austen Chamberlain, and the fact that about fifteen thousand people wrote to tell us about it is a high tribute to our almost invariable accuracy.

R. C. (Wigtownshire).—"Wad ye please let me know hoo mony hangnas o' stoor it wad tak tae mak a groupenfu o' glant?" We must have notice of that question.

"CONSTANT READER" (Berwick-on-Tweed).—"I hope you will continue to take an interest in girls." Happily we don't misunderstand you.

F. L. M. (Brighton).—You are quite correct in assuming that we are "an authority on all moral questions." We may add that to become such has entailed years of study.

H. L. (St. Helens).—We agree that the laws of the Dominions are far ahead of ours as regards the protection of children.

"DOUBTFUL."—"I don't know which will live longer—JOHN BULL or me." We do, if we may say so without offence.

"MARY."—"I know when I write to you I am dealing with a gentleman, and I am one of Nature's ladies." Just the sort we dote on.

"DORCAS BLONDEL."—We fear that, being of the male persuasion, you would have no chance of obtaining admission to a Dorcas Society, unless, of course, you were magnificently camouflaged.

"CEREBUS" (Salop).—We note your instructions to "smite the Puritans and Pharisees and whitewash out their sepulchres." The matter has our attention.

"LOVER OF FAIR PLAY" (Highbury).—"You invite criticism of your paper." We do, but we like it civilly expressed and in legible handwriting.

MRS. W. G. B. (Frome).—The phrase in the advertisement for hotel chambermaids, "silk stockings and short skirts not objected to," probably reflected the general sentiments of the patrons of the establishment as collected by the manageress. So why worry?

MRS. F. L. G. (Sydenham).—Rather sweet of you to tell the boy who restored your lost dog that he must be content with the reward of "seeing how happy you were about it." Bet he split his sides with the fun of the thing.

H. M. J. (Epsom).—Thanks for telling us what would happen if we buried bitter sloes in the dark and didn't look at them for a year. Would you anticipate cataclysmic results if we did?

MRS. M. J. R. (Wood Green, N.).—"My good man probably thinks I am cleaning the flues and the stove." Never mind, dear lady, he shall never hear from our side of this little exchange of greetings.

H. C. B. (Bromley).—We note that you are looking forward to "a birthday of the spirit." Sounds convivial.

"DOUBLE DUTCH."—We note that you are "independent" in the sense that you can do "with very little food." For our sake please see that what you do have is good.

W. L. P. (Balham, S.W.).—We note that this week, in addition to your screed to us, you have written to Princess Mary, Mrs. Lloyd George, Lady Astor, Lady Askwith, and Miss Maude Royden. A very nicely selected half-dozen.

"PUNCH" (Clacton-on-Sea).—In the theatrical sense a "dame" is a comedian who dresses up as an old woman. Off the stage, as you know, some achieve the effect without costume.

"ONE OF THEIR WIVES."—"Why are married policemen allowed to receive letters at the station? There would be far more happiness in their homes if this was stopped." You seem to forget, madam, that the right to receive special letters at his place of business is the prerogative of every Englishman.

"EX-TOMMY."—We did notice Capt. Bruce Bairnsfather's disclaimer of his brother's debts, or, as you put it, "Old Bill's brother's bills." But what of it?

S. S. L. (Horsham).—From our reading of the paragraph, it was the women in San Francisco who demanded that the blinds should be drawn while the wax models were dressed in the drapers' windows. So don't blame the policemen, who, for all you know, may have enjoyed the spectacle.

MRS. M. T. (Windsor).—"My letters have to be written hastily and by stealth." We cannot see why, if they are all as chaste as those you send us.

"GENEROUS."—We have conveyed your message to our office boy, who says he has "met your sort before." As usual, his precise meaning eludes us.

A. W. (Earlsfield).—Very nice of you to write and tell us all about Hercules and King David, although from what we remember the two were not related. Keep up your studies.

"KLIMA" (Tipton).—Since you ask the question, we do not believe that, in any literal sense, "the body of the earth is alive." The sensations you get of an evening are illusory.

"PINKAPOO."—There are no doubt a number of tunes which would "go well" on a barrel organ, but they should be played more reverently than you would be likely to do it to judge by your handwriting.

"INFELICE."—Just a line of encouragement to you in your self-imposed task of copying out the whole of the Bible for our benefit. There were two bits last week you might have skipped, as we're strangers.

"MOTHER OF SONS" (Putney, S.W.).—You are rather severe on the young ladies whom you describe as "husband hunters." Have they been after yours?

MISS M. R. (Clapham, S.W.).—Do you know, dearie, we really don't like to see you pulling your best books to pieces for our edification. Still, we'll have the bits stuck together and sent back when we've finished.

D. P. (Blackpool).—We cannot quite see how marriage could have "altered your sister's religion." It may have induced her to profess a different one.

P. J. A. (Southsea).—Don't worry because you can't punctuate properly. Some of the nicest letters we ever received, outside business, were all in one breath.

L. J. A. (Golders Green).—So you are "not bound by convention." We presume you use a handkerchief.

"QUICKSILVER" (Scarborough).—"Although you cannot see me, I am sure you believe I am very much alive." We do—and hot stuff, we conjecture.

MISS G. H. P. (East Ham).—So you too are interested in Professor Huxley's suggestion about the reversal of sex. In your place we should not build on it to the extent of refusing a decent offer of marriage.

MISS J. G. (Hackney, N.E.).—"Forty-three years ago my teacher at the Infant School——." Now you've done it!

S. H. B. (London, S.E.).—"Am I allowed to apply for a seat at Princess Mary's wedding?" You are, and you should enclose a stamped envelope for them to tell you that you can't have one.

"ENQUIRER."—There are no stringed instruments in military bands, and in so stating perhaps you will allow us to compliment you upon your thirst for knowledge.

S. A. T. K. (Sheffield).—Sorry to hear that your neighbours have "exhibited themselves in a bad light." Fully clothed, we trust.

"VIRGIN."—"If all people lived true lives, it wouldn't matter if there were no marriage ceremony." Better stop there, or we shall have to conclude that you are not nice to know.

"LITTLE WEE MOUSE."—Personally we should not think the worse of you for "passing people in the street." If you don't know them it's often safer.

B. T. B. (Leith).—If by "Westminster College" you mean the well-known public school of that name, it is situated at Westminster, quite near the Abbey.

"A BRITISHER" (Cologne).—We see no reason why any Englishman should marry a German woman. It's easy enough to get married at home, if only you hang out the appropriate signals.

H. T. (South Norwood).—We were not aware that American-Indians as a race were specially "wicked," although doubtless they have their own code of morals. None living in your street, we presume?

MRS. M. W.—You can hardly say that a man "left you his address" when it was simply "c/o the G.P.O." How do you suggest we should trace him?

W. M. (Banstead).—It is not everyone who is driven out of his mind by being "crossed in love." It teaches some people a whole lot of sense.

W. J. B. (Birmingham).—You don't explain how you "forgot yourself." The phrase is an ambiguous one, as the girl said when asked if she had ever dropped a brick.

"ANXIOUS."—Afraid we could not hope to trace your missing friend "Agnes" unless you give us her surname and address. To interview all the young ladies of that name in London would tax the resources of our staff—although we should have no lack of volunteers for the job.

"SCRIBE."—"Now I will leave off, whether I have finished or not." As you have written about 25 pages, you are not taking a heavy risk.

"DISGUSTED."—You must not be upset because your brother tells you that you cannot sing. All he means probably is that he wouldn't pay to listen to you.

M. C. (Chester).—"The mind is its own place, and of itself can make a Hell of Heaven, a Heaven of Hell." We agree that in these lines of Omar Khayyam there are the elements of a sound religion.

MISS H. E. B. (Hyde Park).—If you can prove that your neighbours have "broken all the laws of England," we should be pleased to deal with the matter. It ought to make a snappy paragraph.

W. F. D. (East Sheen).—We consider that Mr. Clarke Hall was quite justified in reducing the 10s. fine by sixpence in preference to lending that amount to the prisoner. Sorry if you think the episode has undermined the British Constitution.

"NIMROD."—It's no good asking us to "watch" different places after dark. You must use your own pet ers.

THE "MYSTIC EIGHT" PUZZLE.—Several competitors have expressed a desire to see the solution of this problem. As there are forty-seven known ways of working it out, space precludes our publishing them, but anyone interested will receive particulars of the most popular solutions upon forwarding a stamped addressed envelope.

(Many replies are unavoidably held over.)

If your "dark cloud" has no "silver lining"—"Write to JOHN BULL about it!"

Something for Everybody

John Bull's Bargains

Our Money-Saving Page

Don't Miss this Opportunity!

THE advertisements below have been selected for the exceptional value they offer. The goods have been examined by "John Bull" and represent real bargains. If ordered by post they are covered by the Guarantee on this page. Sample of most of them may be seen at the Advertisement Department of "John Bull," 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

ROYAL WEDDING SOUVENIR HANKS.

SEND AT ONCE FOR YOUR SET.

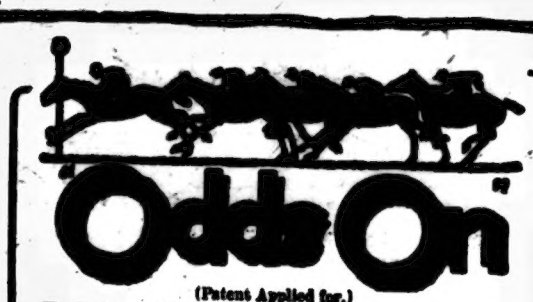
Real Photos in Colours showing Princess Mary and Viscount Lascelles. Size of Hanks, 10½ × 10½. Every Girl Guide must have one, every Patriotic Woman should purchase this delightful memento.

3 for 1/- or 3/9 Doz.

Post Free.

To Traders, Religious and other Organisations. Write quickly for trade terms.

THE CALICO SUPPLY CO., (Dept. J.B.), 18, Long Millgate, MANCHESTER.



"Odds On"

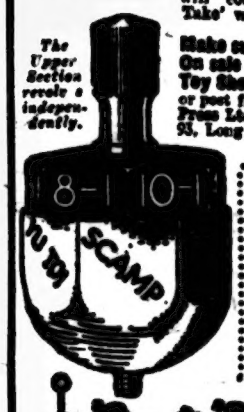
(Patent Applied for.)

BIG SUCCESS OF "JOHN BULL'S" NEW RACING GAME

"ODDS ON" has romped home an easy winner. Orders are pouring in.

"ODDS ON" automatically gives horses *and odds*. One section of the top indicates odds, the other well-known race horses. The odds remain in doubt until the top falls and vary as in actual racing.

"THE SPORTING LIFE" says "The sporting fraternity will 'cotton' to 'ODDS ON' and 'Put and Take' will shortly have its funeral!"



The Upper Section revolves independently.

Make sure of yours NOW. On sale at all Newsagents, Toy Shops and Stationers, or post free 1/2, from Odh ms Press Ltd., Sundries Dept. A., 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2

1/-

NOTE TO THE TRADE: Share in the great "Odds On" Top Boom. Orders should be sent to your wholesaler without delay.

For News and Stationery Trade: ODHAMS PRESS Ltd., *Sundries Dept. A*, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. *For Toy Trade—Wholesale:* H. G. HOOPER (London) Ltd., 54, Great Eastern St., E.C.2. *London Wall* 1617-8.

A TUB OF CLOTHES WASHED in 4 MINUTES

NO BOILING. NO RUBBING. NO SCRUBBING.

The Patent "SWIFTSURE" vacuum Washer saves coal and soap, and saves the cloth s from wear and tear. **The Greatest Domestic Labour-Saving Invention of the Century.** Made of strong **Solid Copper**, and will last a lifetime.

Saves its Cost in a Fortnight

Over 60,000 SATISFIED PURCHASERS.

THE IMPROVED PATENT

Swiftsure

VACUUM CLOTHES WASHER WITH THE WONDERFUL BALL VALVE.

will do a large family wash in half an hour.

WARNING

Beware of Spurious Imitations. It must be the "SWIFTSURE," with the WONDERFUL PATENT BALL VALVE.

SEND NO MONEY

We Trust You.

14 DAYS' FREE TRIAL.

Our Guarantee: Should the Patent "Swiftsure" VACUUM WASHER not meet with your approval after 14 Days' Free Trial you have simply to return it, and we pay Carriage. If you find it all we claim for it, you then send us the cost, 19/6. This is a fair offer, and we could not afford to make it unless we were confident you would find the washer all we claim. Full Directions and dozens of Unsolicited Testimonials sent with each washer.

BRITISH VACUUM WASHER CO. (Dept. 7), Islington, Liverpool.

GRAVES

STAINLESS CUTLERY SERVICE

THE FINEST VALUE IN THE WORLD

The Graves Service of Stainless Cutlery and superfine Table Plate is of unrivalled excellence & by far the most attractive Stainless Cutlery Offer that has ever been made.

DELIVERED Carriage Paid to approved orders for 7/6 with order. Balance in 11 monthly payments of 7/6 if satisfied. Money refunded in full if you are at all disappointed.

7/6 with order

Service Comprises:

1 Carver, 1 Table Knife, 1 Table Fork, 1 Dessert Knife, 1 Dessert Fork, 1 Dessert Spoon, 6 Tea Spoons, 6 Egg Spoons, 2 Table Spoons, 1 Jam Spoon, 1 Salt Spoon, 1 Sugar Spoon, 1 pr Sugar Tongs, Butter Knife, Price without case **90/-**

The KNIVES are of 'Enterprise' Brand Stainless Steel with beautifully grained Ivorette handles. Carver Blade of 'Enterprise' Brand Stainless Steel 9in long, curved. **Forks & Spoons** are Columbian Silver which bears a polish indistinguishable from sterling silver. White all through. Lasts a lifetime.

CATALOGUE of genuine Sheffield Cutlery (Stainless Specialities &c.) Post Free. Easy Terms.

J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD

VALUE SARTOR RAINCOATS 20/-

CARRIAGE PAID

Real, lasting economy in Dress as in all else is to secure the MAXIMUM value for money spent. By giving the utmost value, cutting out all middle profits and selling direct to the Public from our Factory, we have built up the largest Raincoat Business in the World.

It is not humanly possible to secure a better Raincoat for 20/- This wonderful garment serves the double purpose of a Raincoat and cold-resisting Overcoat.

Tailored from fully proofed Gabardine Cloth, check lined for warmth and finished by expert Raincoat Tailors.

SEND NO MONEY

simply a postcard for **FREE PATTERNS**, Self-measurement Form and Style Book (Ladies, Gents, Maids and Youths). Select your pattern and style, send your measurements and if you are not absolutely satisfied with your Raincoat we will refund your money in full.

SARTOR MANUFACTURING Company (Dept. J.), 52, Oxford Road, Manchester.

YOURS FREE!

Send a pos'card to H. Samuel for his amazing **FREE BOOK**

OF 3,000 BARGAINS,

It's packed with thousands of sensational offers at factory prices with lists of splendid **FREE PRIZES**

Diamonds and fine Rubies **47/6**

H. SAMUEL

180, MARKET ST., MANCHESTER.

H. SAMUEL, LTD.

THE "JOHN BULL" GUARANTEE—We guarantee the goods advertised by every firm whose trade announcement appears in JOHN BULL—*i.e., we hold ourselves responsible for their being of the quality and standard represented at the time of purchase and the date of payment, either in full or of first instalment, and if any reader can show just cause for dissatisfaction with the purchase of any goods made through any trade advertisement in our columns, we will refund the purchase-money, provided the goods complained of are sent to us within one week from the date of original purchase, if such is made within one month from the date of this issue. All communications should be addressed to* JOHN BULL, *Advertisement Department 57 Long Acre, London, W.C.2.*

PRINCESS MARY'S FAVOURITE FLOWER

is the Sweet Pea. Her Favourite blue Sweet Pea is named "PRINCESS MARY." The colour is a beautiful sky blue, shaded ultramarine, and the wings are delicately tinted with a rosy, satin-like sheen. The Price is 6d. and 1/- per packet.

2/- SEEDS FOR 6d.

This is a purely business proposition. There is no "catch." Your money will be cheerfully returned if you are dissatisfied. The cost of producing Bees' photo-colour illustrated catalogues prohibits their being distributed broadcast. It is therefore requested that applications be accompanied by 6d. stamps. In return, besides the catalogue, Bees, Ltd., will send one 1/- packet of Sweet Pea "PRINCESS MARY," and a voucher worth another 1/- when you send your order. If you prefer, instead of the Sweet Pea, you may have a regular 2d. packet of each of the following: Beet, Carrot, Lettuce, Shirley Poppy, Rainbow Calliopsis, Toad Flax. Write to-day saying which seeds you prefer, and whether you desire the Seed or Plant and Rose Catalogue. Enclose 6d. Stamps.

BEES LTD., 175J, Mill Street, LIVERPOOL

£1,000 WAITING TO BE WON—AND YOU MAY WIN IT!

BIG 'BULLETS' FIRST PRIZE £1,000

2ND PRIZE £100
10 Prizes of £5
50 Prizes of 10/-
1000 Prizes of 2/6

3RD PRIZE £50
10 Prizes of £2-10-
200 Prizes of 5/-
3000 TARGET PRIZES

2,000 POPULAR NOVELS

☞ "BULLETS" MADE EASIER—NO LETTER RESTRICTIONS.

All you have to do is to choose any one of the Forty examples given below. Then give any Two, Three or Four words having some bearing on the example chosen. The Two, Three or Four words you give can EACH begin with any letter in the alphabet. This example will guide you. Example :—A BARGAIN. Bullet :—WIFE THINKS UNTIL LATER. Competitors may send in two "Bullets" for sixpence. An entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each coupon must be sent.

LIST OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 438.

IRISH FREE STATE	HIS MASTER'S VOICE	THE MORMONS	SCOTLAND YARD
WHAT LLOYD GEORGE THINKS	WINSTON'S LATEST	SUSPICIOUS	STORMY PASSAGE
HEAVEN AND HELL	WANTED AGAIN	A BARGAIN	THE NEXT ELECTION
AFTER THE BALL	DOUBTFUL STARTER	BORROWING	A SPLIT
I DON'T THINK	POSTPONED	UPSIDE DOWN	CLOSING TIME
WHEN SPIRITS APPEAR	WOMAN'S PLACE	A SAFE SEAT	ANOTHER STORY
NOT MADE IN GERMANY	THING THAT MATTERS	TAKE ALL	SPIDER AND FLY
CUP OF SORROW	OUR EXPORTS	OVERCROWDED	HAPPY COUPLE
NATIONAL DEBT	FRIEND OR FOE	NOT GUILTY	HARDY ANNUAL
MARRIED OR SINGLE	A FROST	PAY UP	FLAPPER'S CHEEK

Closing Date, Thursday, February 16th.

Example _____
Bullet
Example _____
Bullet

(438) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.
With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.

Signed _____
Address _____

☞ If unable to secure extra coupons you can write your "Bullets" on plain paper.

Closing Date, Thursday, February 16th.

Example _____
Bullet
Example _____
Bullet

(438) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.
With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.

Signed _____
Address _____

Envelopes should be marked "Bullets" No. 438. "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Closing Date, Thursday, February 16th.

Exampic _____
Bullet
Example _____
Bullet

(438) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.
With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.

Signed _____
Address _____

Closing Date, Thursday, February 16th.

Example _____
Bullet
Example _____
Bullet

(438) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.
With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.

Signed _____
Address _____

BULLETS' RULES 1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness, and originality.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. All four coupons may be used, and a postal order enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of, which must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed _____ and Co.

Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned.

5. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

☞ **The original cheque for £250 awarded to the first prize-winner in "Bullets" Competition No. 435, can now be seen in the window of Mr. T. Whittaker, 46, Falsgrave Road, Scarborough.**

Result of 436th Bullets' Competition

FIRST PRIZE OF £1,000:

Mr. E. J. MEYRICK,
"Ty Gored," Sirhowy, Tredegar, Mon.
Example :—A RAPID RISE.
Bullet :—PROFITEERING—CHARITIES—KNIGHTHOOD.

SECOND PRIZE OF £100:

Mr. J. W. HEYTHAM,
18, Gilpwith Square, Rossington, near Doncaster.
Example :—OUR GOVERNMENT.
Bullet :—STUCCO PAINTED LIKE GRANITE.

THIRD PRIZE OF £50:

Mr. H. J. HENSHER, Misterton, Crowthorne, Som.
Example :—NEW BROOM.
Bullet :—GIRL REMEMBLES WHEN BOBBED.

10 Prizes of £5 each:

Miss GERTIE BACH, 117, Clevedon Road, Balsall Heath, Birmingham:
LUCKY DOG—"LEFT" AT WHITEHALL "POST."
Mr. L. V. BOWRING, 9, Newcastle St., Fratton, Portsmouth:—
GETTING THE PLUMS—NOT "HANGING ROUND" EXCHANGES.
Mr. A. HORNE, 64, Tatham St., Sunderland:
PANEL DOCTOR—GETS SOME NASTY "RAPS."
Mr. C. STEVENS, L.N.W. Rly. Passenger Station, Oxford:
NOBODY'S CHILD—WHEN AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHER'S BORE.
Mr. W. G. WILLMOTT, 15, Henley Rd., Silver St., Upper Edmonton, N.:
SINKING THE SHIP—EXTREMISTS FORGET THEY'RE ABOARD.
Mr. V. ROSS, 21, Stanhope St., Levenshulme, Manchester:
SICK AND TIRED—BRITAIN'S "FOOTED SO MUCH."
Mr. J. MOSSOP, 71, Main St., Egremont, Cumberland:
CONTENTED MAN—OTHER SORT—PLEASE EMIGRATE.
Miss E. MACKEY, 17, Sophia St., Seaham Harbour:
WHY NOT—MODERN FORM OF PROPOSAL.
Mr. A. WILLCOCKS, Skinner's Bottom, nr. Scorrier, Cornwall:
OUR GOVERNMENT—MORE SHORTSIGHTED THAN FARSEEING.
Miss E. B. MAIDEN, 11, Ebenezer St., Green Heath, Hednesford:
THE NATION'S PURSE—DON'T SHOP ABROAD WITH.

10 Prizes of £2 10s. each:

Mr. H. CHALLINOR, 30, Wilson St., Gorse Hill, Stretford, Manchester:
A MUG'S GAME—SQUINTING, WHEN FACING FACTS.
Mr. T. STONEJAR, c.o. 23, Monmouth Av., Walmersley Rd., Bury:
COLD SNAP—MURDERER'S FINGERS, AT POLICE.
Mr. W. S. CHEETHAM, 102, Kensington, Liverpool.
DISARMING—TAKE AXE FROM GOVERNMENT.
Miss M. MILLBOURNE, Midway Cottage, Partridge Green, Sussex:
GOING TO POT—"WHAT'S LEFT" OF EUROPE.
Miss M. E. GASH, 179, Bobbers Mill Rd., Nottingham:
MISSING THE GOAL—LADY FOOTBALLER REMAINS UNWED.
Mr. W. G. BALL, 44, Windmill Lane, Carlton Rd., Nottingham:
MY LOVE—FOR MORMON—IN BOOT.
Miss V. MAY, c.o. Howell, Miltoncombe, Devon:
THE NATION'S PURSE—STARTS IRELAND'S NEXT FIGHT.
Mr. J. A. DUKE, 631, Dumbarton Rd., Partick, Glasgow
LANDING THE PRIZE—MORMON RETURNS FOR ANOTHER.
Mr. T. KENNARD, 156, New Town, Waltham Cross, Herts:
WE ALL FANCY—THAT'S WHY MEDIUM THRIVES.
Mr. C. W. PALMER, 28, Queen St., Godalming:
NOBODY'S CHILD—SUBMARINE, TILL NEXT WAR.

WHY PAY FIRE INSURANCE PREMIUMS ?

THE JOHN BULL GREAT FREE FIRE INSURANCE

COVERING ALL RISKS BY FIRE TO HOME, LIFE & LIMB.

UNDER this most unique FREE INSURANCE OFFER anyone above the age of 10 can be insured irrespective of sex.

The premium charged by any Fire and Accident Insurance Company to secure similar benefits would certainly exceed 5s. per annum. We offer it to you absolutely free.

A separate coupon must be filled up in respect to each person to be insured.

This offer applies only to persons residing in, and property situated in, England, Scotland and Wales.

The full conditions governing this scheme will be published from time to time.

WHAT WE WILL PAY:

For Damage to Contents of Home by Fire up to	£200
In case of Death directly due to Fire at Registered Reader's home	£200
For the Loss of Two Limbs or Both Eyes or One Limb and One Eye	£200
For the Loss of One Limb or One Eye	£100
Medical Fees for Injuries not proving fatal but incapacitating the injured person from following his or her employment up to	£10
In the event of a Temporary Total Disablement up to 13 weeks	£1 per week

ORDER FORM.
To be Retained by Newsagent.

To ..... Newsagent.

Please deliver "JOHN BULL" to me regularly until further notice.

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

February 11, 1922.

You must also fill in the Registration Form, which will be found next to this, and post it to JOHN BULL Insurance Dept., 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2., where your name and the name of your nominee will be duly registered.

REGISTRATION FORM.
Which must be posted to:—
JOHN BULL INSURANCE DEPT., Long Acre, W.C.2.

This is to notify that I have this day placed an order for the regular weekly supply of JOHN BULL with

..... Newsagent of

.....

and desire you to register me as a regular subscriber under the terms of your Insurance Scheme.

In the event of my being injured or killed or of my home or its contents being damaged I hereby nominate to receive any payment due under this insurance, first myself, or in the event of my death:

Name of Nominee .....

Address .....

Signature of Insured .....

(Mr., Mrs. or Miss)

Home Address .....

February 11 1922 .....

To remain qualified for the benefits provided must continue to have "John Bull" regularly supplied to them.

Enclose 1d. stamp if an acknowledgment of receipt of Registration Form is required.

CUP-TIE! ONE-WEEK COMPETITION CUP-TIE!

£2,000 FOR AN ALL CORRECT COUPON

£500 MUST BE WON IN ANY EVENT

THE sum of £2,000 will be paid to the sender of a coupon containing the correct results o the fourteen matches given. If nobody sends fourteen correct results, £500 will be paid for the most nearly correct coupon received. This Competition is open for ONE WEEK ONLY and is

EXCLUSIVE TO "JOHN BULL" AND THE "BOY'S PICTORIAL."

Coupons can ONLY be taken from THIS WEEK'S issues of these two papers.
THEY DO NOT APPEAR IN ANY OTHER PAPER.

We advise competitors to make a careful study of football form before filling in their coupons.
Scottish and Irish readers can compete.

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

(1) All attempts must be made on coupons taken from this week's issues of "JOHN BULL" and "BOY'S PICTORIAL." Coupons must be completely filled in with ink in ordinary handwriting (typewriting or pencil will not be allowed) and in accordance with the instructions given on this page.

(2) The sum of £2,000 will be paid to the sender of a coupon containing the correct results of the fourteen matches given. If no coupon is received containing all fourteen correct results, £500 will be paid to the sender of a coupon with most correct results. If one or more of the matches is not played to a finish on the date given, or as set out on the coupon, the prize of £2,000 will not be awarded; but £500 will be paid for the best forecast received of the remaining fixtures. In the event of a tie or ties, the prize to be won will be equally divided amongst the most successful competitors. No competitor can receive more than one share of the prize.

How to FILL up Your Coupons.

If you think the "Home" team will win, place a X in the column headed "Home"; if you think the "Away" team will win, place a X in the column headed "Away"; if you think the result will be a draw, place a X in the column headed "Draw." **Only one X must be entered for each match.** Coupons must be completely filled up in ink.

(3) Fourteen crosses in all must be marked on each coupon, one for each match. Coupons marked otherwise will be disqualified.

(4) No responsibility will be accepted by the Editor for the loss, delay or non-delivery of any coupon. Proof of posting will not be accepted as proof of delivery or receipt. No correspondence will be entered into, nor will interviews be granted.

(5) An altered or mutilated coupon will be disqualified. Any coupon received later than Thursday, Feb. 16th, will be disqualified. Employees of the papers conducting this competition are not eligible to compete.

(6) The Editor's decision must be accepted as final and legally binding in all matters concerning this competition and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

"JOHN BULL" FREE FOOTBALL COUPON.
Matches to be played Saturday, February 18th.
Coupons must reach us not later than Thursday, February 16th.

HOME TEAM		AWAY TEAM	HOME	AWAY	DRAW
Barnsley	v.	Preston N. E.			
Blackburn R.	v.	Huddersfield			
Stoke	v.	Aston Villa			
Millwall	v.	Swansea			
Tottenham H.	v.	Manchester C.			
Arsenal	v.	Leicester City			
W. Bromwich A.	v.	B'ford C. or B'ths C.			
Cardiff City	v.	Notts Forest			
Bolton W.	v.	Burnley			
Sunderland	v.	Middlesbrough			
Blackpool	v.	W'hampton W.			
Brentford	v.	Luton Town			
Charlton A.	v.	Portsmouth			
Nelson	v.	Stockport C.			

I enter "JOHN BULL" Football Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions on this page.

(20) STATE _____

ADDRESS _____

☞ PLEASE NOTE NEW ADDRESS. Cut out Coupon neatly and address all entries as follows: Football Competition No. 20, "JOHN BULL," 93 Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Write "Football" in top left-hand corner of envelope. All coupons can be enclosed in one envelope, but this must not contain entries for other Competitions.

COMPETITORS MAY SEND AS MANY COUPONS AS THEY LIKE.

THE
CITY LIFE
Assurance Co., Ltd.

HEAD OFFICE:
CITY LIFE HOUSE,
Old Jewry, London, E.C.2
Telephones: CENTRAL 29 and 358

Assets Exceed - £1,000,000
Premium Income Exceeds £450,000
Claims Paid Exceed - £1,600,000
Advances Made Exceed £2,250,000

Managing Director.
LEONARD ALDRIDGE.

Phillips 'Military'
SOLES & HEELS.
Men's Stout ... 5/6
" Light ... 4/6
Youths' 4/-
Ladies' 3/-
Small Children's 2/-
per set.
Supplied with new type of light sole for quick and easy fixing.
HEELS ONLY.
Men's Stout ... 2/-
" Light ... 1/6
Ladies' 1/-
per pair.
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Keep your feet warm and dry in winter. Save pounds in a year.

Phillips RUBBERS "Last the time of three"

Of ALL BOOTMAKERS.

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What should you always say besides grace before meat?
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Say CLARNICO CARAMELS, and be sure you get them. They are "meat" and "sweet," because of their nourishing qualities. Made from pure cane sugar and rich cream.

Clarnico Cream Caramels.
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Sold in small boxes, avoiding exposure and handling; also loose by weight.
CLARKE, NICKOLLS & COOMBS, LTD., Victoria Park, London.
CLARNICO

Free Yourself of Rupture Without Pain, Operation or Loss of Time.

FOR the benefit of our readers we take pleasure in publishing the Brooks offer to save all who are ruptured from wearing trusses and other painful makeshifts that do not cure.

The Brooks Appliance Co., Ltd., gladly sends this remarkable Appliance ON TRIAL to prove that it holds the rupture back, keeps it in place, prevents it coming down or slipping out, and finally cures it entirely.

NO man or woman ever can look and feel his or her best while suffering the torment, pain, and discomfort of rupture.

Every day that you suffer from rupture—every hour of truss torture that you endure—after you read this page *is your own fault.*

For many years we have been telling you that no truss will ever help you. We have told you about the harm trusses are doing. We have told you that the only truly comfortable, sanitary and scientific device for holding rupture is the Brooks Rupture Appliance.

Now we offer to prove it to you entirely at our risk. We will send you a Brooks Rupture Appliance *on trial.* If you really want to be rid of your rupture, fill out the coupon below and mail it to-day.

Instead of wearing a steel spring or inflexible harness, try the *velvet soft* Brooks Appliance.

Instead of the hard pad of a truss, use the *soft rubber automatic air-cushion* of a Brooks Appliance.

The Brooks Appliance clings to you without force, and you are hardly conscious of its presence. And above all else it **HOLDS** always.

Within an hour after you receive the Brooks Appliance, if you take advantage of this remarkable trial offer, you will throw away your truss for ever.

From a photograph of Mr. C. E. Brooks, inventor of the Appliance, who cured himself of rupture over 30 years ago, and patented the Appliance from his personal experience. If ruptured, write to-day to Brooks Appliance Co., Ltd., 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

This wonderful device is a triumph of scientific and mechanical genius, the result of more than 30 years' experience, and the percentage of cures effected by its use is little short of miraculous.

Many hundreds of physicians and surgeons recommend the Brooks Appliance and condemn trusses as more harmful and dangerous than any other method of retaining and treating rupture. Thousands of people have written us to testify to the amazing results they have secured from this great invention. Many of these people live in your vicinity, and we will be glad to send you copies of their thankful letters if you will ask for them when you write.

Ten Reasons Why You Should Accept This Offer.

1. It is absolutely the only Appliance embodying the principles that inventors have sought after for years.
2. The Appliance for retaining the rupture cannot be thrown out of position.
3. Being an air-cushion of soft rubber, it clings closely to the body, yet never blisters or causes irritation.
4. Unlike ordinary so-called pads it is not cumbersome or ungainly.
5. It is small, soft, and pliable, and positively cannot be detected through the clothing.
6. The soft, pliable bands do not give one the unpleasant sensation of wearing a harness.
7. Nothing to get foul; it can be washed without any injury.
8. There are no metal springs in the Appliance to torture one by cutting and bruising the flesh.
9. All materials are the very best that money can buy, making it a durable and safe Appliance to wear.
10. Our reputation is so thoroughly established, and our prices so reasonable, our terms so fair, that you should not hesitate to send the free coupon *to-day.*

Over 253,000 People have Accepted this Offer. Why not You?

Doesn't that prove that the Brooks Appliance is not an experiment but a positive success—that it does all we claim for it? Among these 253,000 men, women and children, there must be *hundreds whose condition was identical with yours.* Can you afford not to investigate and satisfy yourself when it costs you nothing to prove what the Brooks Appliance will do for *you?*

Men, Women and Children Find the Brooks Appliance Equally Effective.

No matter if your rupture is old and severe or only recently developed, no matter if you are young or old, you should not fail to profit by this **No-risk Trial Offer.**

No other rupture support, truss, device, pad, or plaster is offered to the public under so broad a guarantee of satisfaction. If for any reason whatever you do not wish to keep the Brooks Appliance after you try it, send it back. You do not have to give any reason. There will be no question or quibble. There will be no argument, no dispute or misunderstanding.

Free Information Coupon.

Brooks Appliance Company, Ltd.
(1763E), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2

Without cost or obligation on my part, please send me by post, in plain wrapper, your Illustrated Book and full information about your appliance for the cure of rupture, and your trial offer.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

Please write plainly.

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